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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1893.

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: Rule Bill in the House of Lords AT HOME.

THE majority against the Home Rule Bill in the House of Lords last Saturday morning was even larger than had been anticipated, the numbers being for the Second Reading 41, against 419. It is thus apparent that whilst at the last General Election there was a large majority of the electors of the United Kingdom in favour of Home Rule for Ireland, not one-tenth of the members of the House of Lords are of the same way of thinking. More striking proof of the extent to which the peerage is divorced from sympathy with the national life and feeling could not possibly be desired. When the country thinks one way the House of Lords thinks the other, and holds its unpopular opinion by a majority of more than ten to one! The result of the division has been hailed with a very modified degree of satisfaction by the Tory party. Some silly leading articles have been written, and one or two foolish speeches made; but upon the whole the opponents of Home Rule have not seemed overanxious to exaggerate the importance of the action of the hereditary Chamber.

ON the other hand, the Liberal Party has received the division of last Saturday morning with great equanimity. It would have been strange if it had been otherwise, seeing that the determination of the Peers to reject the Home Rule Bill was known even before that Bill had been presented to the House of Commons. No matter what the nature of the measure proposed by Mr. Gladstone, he would have had to face the opposition of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain in the House of Commons, and of Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords. In the representative Chamber the Members for East Manchester and West Birmingham are at present only private individuals representing a minority in the House and the country, and they have therefore been powerless to injure the Home Rule Bill. In the hereditary Chamber of landlords, Lord Salisbury is a permanent dictator, and his opposition alone is sufficient to prove fatal to any Bill, however important or valuable, that may be laid before the Peers. This fact was known beforehand to Liberals as well as Tories, and nobody is, therefore, surprised or greatly moved by the refusal of the House of Lords to accept the Home Rule Bill. The general sentiment of Liberals may be summed up as one of contempt for the ridiculous body which has just interposed itself between the nation and the execution

of its will, and of a renewed determination to carry out that will in the near future.

THE National Liberal Federation—which, after all, is not a body that anybody acquainted with contemporary politics will compare to the Tooley Street Association of old days—has addressed a circular to Liberal associations throughout the country with respect to the division in the House of Lords. It quotes some emphatic words of Mr. Gladstone's regarding the position of that power which stands "between the throne and the people," and reviews the situation clearly and concisely. It makes it apparent that the momentary acquiescence of Liberals in a proceeding which they knew from the first to be inevitable, does not imply any yielding to the arrogant attempt of an irresponsible and non-representative body to defeat the will of the nation. Sooner or later, the challenge thrown down by the Peers last Saturday morning will be taken up and fought out to the bitter end. But the Liberal Party is not going to play the game of its enemies by rushing into the field at once. It has the right, and not only the right but the power, to decide when and with what weapons the duel to which it has been challenged shall be fought. In the meantime it has other work to do, which, though it may be less exciting than an open battle between the two Houses would be, must strengthen still further the side of right and liberty in that conflict, whenever it may take place.

Two notable facts connected with the division of last Saturday morning have received some attention during the week. The first is an allegation—not, we believe, without substantial foundation—that one of the Peers who voted against the Home Rule Bill was liberated from an asylum or "retreat" in order to do so. It perhaps matters little whether this actually took place or not, seeing that there is no reason why it should not have happened. No Peer is disqualified from exercising his privileges by reason of mental weakness or moral turpitude. He can come to the hereditary Chamber to give his vote, and to put his veto upon the national demands, fresh from the Divorce Court or an asylum for inebriates. We are quite ready to admit that, as a matter of fact, the members of the House of Lords are no worse than other people. The point is that if they were infinitely worse, if, in short, the overwhelming majority instead of merely a minority of their number were black sheep, their exclusive privileges under the Constitution would remain intact, and they would have just as much power as

that which they now possess. Is it, in these circumstances, a stretch of language to describe their House as a Second Chamber *pour rire*? And can they be surprised at the open contempt with which their attempt to cast themselves athwart the path of the nation is received?

THE other point to which attention has been drawn in connection with the division of last week is the conduct of the bishops. All who voted at all voted to a man with the majority. Two of them spoke, the speech of the Bishop of Ripon being as marked a specimen of flabbiness in thinking and clerical unction in language as we remember to have met with for years past. But whether vocal or silent, they went as one man into the lobby against the proposal to bring about the reconciliation of Great Britain and Ireland. In brief, they played their usual rôle, that of mere tools in the hands of the reactionary party in the State. There is, of course, nothing surprising in this fact. What would have been surprising would have been the exhibition of sufficient social and political independence on the part of any one of them to enable him to resist the pressure put upon him by Society and the Tory wire-pullers. It must, however, be a melancholy thought to those Liberals who are sincerely attached to the Church of England that her bishops out-Herod even the lay peers in their opposition to Liberal principles and popular rights. The foolish Episcopalian minister at Blairgowrie, who has been boasting this week—quite inaccurately, as it appears—that he refused on Sunday to shake hands with Mr. Gladstone, has not made a more melancholy exhibition of himself than the English bishops did last Saturday.

THE House of Commons has been occupied during the week with the business of Supply. Though progress has been slow and obstruction has been open and determined, the advance in the work has been considerable, and there has been a fortunate absence of that bitterness of party spirit which was displayed in the earlier stages of the Committee. This is greatly due to the fact that Mr. Chamberlain has spent the week in Birmingham; and in his absence nobody, even in his own little party, seems to have been possessed by his spirit of vicious and malignant vulgarity. The questions discussed in Committee have for the most part been trivial, though one or two topics of general interest have been touched upon. The most important of these has been the appointment of the Duke of Connaught to the command at Aldershot, an appointment which has, we regret to see, encountered a large amount of Radical opposition on grounds the soundness of which we are wholly unable to perceive. Opposition to the monarchy as a form of government we can understand; but opposition to the promotion of the monarch's sons in the public service, not because they are inefficient, but because their rise is more rapid than that of ordinary persons, seems to us to be utterly futile and unreasonable.

THE debate on the Irish Estimates on Thursday was, in its way, the most remarkable discussion on that fiery subject that has been held in the House of Commons for many a long year. There were no Nationalist grievances to be ventilated, and there was not only no obstruction, but hardly an intervention on the part of the Nationalist members. If we wish to see what may be expected when Ireland has ceased to be burdened by her grievances, and her eighty members in the House of Commons represent a loyal and contented people, we have only to turn to the reports of Thursday night's debate. Of course a good deal of that discussion was more or less useless, Mr. T. W. Russell assuming the lead for the occasion. But even the attack upon Mr. Morley's

Irish administration in which he indulged was very feeble. Mr. Balfour, though he put forth a vain denial of the charge of having suppressed political meetings, was by no means in fighting trim, and was obviously disinclined to back up Mr. Russell in anything like obstruction. The truth is that the Government, despite the boastings of men like Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Richard Temple, were right when they counted upon the virtue of steady perseverance as a means of fighting obstruction. The obstructionists are sick of the hopeless fight, and by midnight to-day (Saturday), the prolonged conflict will probably be at an end. This is not quite what was anticipated by the Opposition; but it fully justifies our own predictions as to the probable date of the prorogation.

SLOWLY, but surely, the coal strike tends to collapse—with great profit to those coalowners whose men are the first to come to terms. In Wales, with few exceptions, in the Bristol coalfield, in the Forest of Dean, in North Staffordshire, the men are back at work; and this partial resumption may fairly be set against the risks of a strike in Belgium and North-eastern France, where the coalowners would probably like nothing better, if not also against the advance demanded in Northumberland and Durham. In Yorkshire, though not in Derbyshire, there seems to be a considerable minority against a continuance of the strike: and it can hardly be doubted that it must increase. The stubbornness of the men in standing out and facing starvation shows how keenly they feel that they have real grievances. The most effectual way to assist them, as we have often pointed out, would be for some one to tell the public in exact detail what those grievances are.

WE deal elsewhere with the dangers of a visitation of cholera, and need here only note that though there is nothing like an epidemic anywhere, except in Russia and to some extent in Galicia, the number of separate outbreaks of some form or other of choleraic disease, both at home and abroad, undoubtedly gives some cause for alarm. There is virulent choleraic diarrhoea at Ashbourne, in Derbyshire; there is little question that separate single cases of the Asiatic type have occurred in London—at Westminster, Fulham, and Kensington—and also at various points in the Midlands and in the North, as well as at Hull and Grimsby. Here undoubtedly the existence of the coal strike and the starvation it has produced may cause additional liability to attacks. Abroad there are a few more cases among the river population of Holland, and at Naples; and the disease has now reached the quarter of Leghorn which is called Venice, and resembles that city only in its possession of extremely insanitary canals. All these separate, disconnected outbreaks are threatenings of a more serious visitation next year. The sanitary authorities will do well to be on their guard. At Hull and Grimsby they have taken warning and made full preparation to meet the foe.

THE lull in French politics between ABROAD. the recent election of the new Chamber and its first meeting next month is being filled up by active newspaper discussions as to its programme, which indicate for the most part that the old questions are not so completely shelved as the result of the elections had led some people to hope. Thus M. Burdeau has been reviving the doctrine of "Republican concentration," on the ground that the mass of the Chamber will be inert unless leavened by the ferment of Radicalism; and, what is more alarming, M. Goblet and his disciples intend to keep up the demand for a revision of the Constitution. One of his collaborators, M. Paul Brousse, now suggests direct legislation by the people, the Chamber or Chambers being merely

the preparatory authority for drafting Bills. This is a revival of the Constitution of 1793; it is also an extension of the Swiss system, and a reversion to the form of direct democracy with which one is familiar in ancient Greece. How it can be worked without compulsory voting and with the political ignorance which no State but Switzerland has as yet succeeded in overcoming, it is not easy to see. In fact the only dead item in French politics is the Panama scandal. The release of M. Charles de Lesseps on Tuesday, almost unnoticed, marks the close of public interest in it; but the result of the elections had made that fact clear enough already.

BOTH the Governments of the Dual Monarchy have lately been displaying exceptional energy in checking the Separatist or Federalist tendencies which are so conspicuous in each of their respective States. In Prague this week the Young Czechs had determined to commemorate the anniversary of the issue of the Imperial rescript of 1871, which for a moment seemed destined to satisfy the aspirations of Bohemia. The Old Czechs on the Municipal Council, however, succeeded in preventing the city corporation from taking any active part: the police did the rest; and the city and its suburbs are now deprived for the time being of trial by jury, the right of free association and public meeting, and the freedom of the Press. In Hungary the whole editorial staff of the chief organ of the Roumanians has been fined and sentenced to terms of imprisonment, varying from a fortnight to three months, for a single leader, which, however much the individual may be effaced in journalism, can hardly have been written by all ten of them.

BUT the situation is not hopeful for either Government. Count Tassie is ill; his personal ingenuity is the main guarantee of stability in the Parliamentary world; the agitation for manhood suffrage is steadily growing, and so is Socialism. In Hungary the recent Encyclical of the Pope—which had been interpreted as an attempt to divide the Emperor-King from the ecclesiastical policy of his Ministers—is now explained away as a mode of accepting the inevitable with a good grace. It is not clear, however, that the success of the Ministerial policy is at all assured. The ultra-Nationalists will probably continue to oppose it, and the priesthood can appeal (as a priesthood generally can) to large classes for whom ordinary political questions have no attraction at all.

AGAIN the Italian Ministry is threatened, and this time the threats are louder, and come from more quarters than ever before. Partly, of course, they are due to the affair at Aigues-Mortes; partly to its action in the recent disorders at Naples during the cab strike, and partly to the never-ending "revelations" in connection with the banking scandals, for which our readers were prepared by an article from an Italian correspondent months ago. At present, appearances point to a return of Signor Crispi to power, Signor Zanardelli, a possible rival, having hastened to declare his loyalty to the present Premier. Now, few things could be worse for the peace of Europe—at least, so far as it depends on a good understanding between Italy and France—than the return to public life of the statesman of all others who is fanatically hostile to the latter nation. The collision at Aigues-Mortes may very likely be only the first of a series. The materials for an explosion are poured every summer over the frontier into Paris and all over South-eastern France. What would happen were Italian workmen to assault French workmen—or *vice versa*—with Crispi as Premier?

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

THE German manœuvres have terminated with exchanges of compliments between the high personages present, and without any of those awkward incidents and incautious Imperial utterances which it was only natural to expect. Alsace and Lorraine of course have been congratulated on their membership of the German Empire, but their Emperor could hardly have been expected to say less. In all other political matters there is absolute quiet in Germany, except that a faint interest is caused in Prussia by the approaching Parliamentary election. In this case the members are even more unequally proportioned to the population than in the Reichstag, and the basis of distribution is still the census of 1858.

A GOOD deal of alarm has been felt during the last ten days as to the health of Prince Bismarck, whose sciatica has taken vengeance on him for his defiance of it in his recent appearance before admiring deputations from those smaller States of whom he is now the unexpected champion. For the present, we are glad to say, his health is improving. One can hardly imagine Germany without Prince Bismarck; even as the inspirer of criticism in the *Hamburger Nachrichten* and utterer of perpetual palinodes as to his former policy, he has but sunk into the second place instead of the first in German politics. Had he become worse, would there have been a reconciliation between him and the Emperor?

THE second application of the new Initiative in Swiss Federal politics is to take place on a Socialist issue. Fifty-five thousand signatures—five thousand more than the requisite number—have been secured to a demand for the recognition in the Federal Constitution of the right of every citizen to work—and of course to wages. Both are to be assured by the provision of public workshops, the shortening of the hours of labour so as to make work more abundant, State-aided labour exchanges, and arbitration in labour disputes. The demand has no chance of passing when the popular vote is taken, but it deserves notice as an indication of the growth of Socialism even in a country of small proprietors.

SEÑOR SAGASTA'S position in his country is perhaps strengthened on the whole by the outcome of the recent disturbances at San Sebastian. At the same time he is threatened with a split among his supporters, and possibly with a Ministerial crisis. He is determined, and very properly too, to break down the resistance to the new taxes and new economies rendered necessary by the financial position of Spain; and three of his colleagues are said—we do not know on what grounds—to be on the point of withdrawal from the Cabinet. The Republican leaders meanwhile are preparing for an active political campaign in view of the postponed municipal elections, so as to preserve that predominance which it is the object of the Ministerial reforms to destroy.

WE have several times had occasion to note the growth of Socialism and labour agitation in Holland, among the rural and urban population alike. The report on the Labour Question in that country—one of a series for which the Commission and its energetic secretary, Mr. Geoffrey Drage, deserve the hearty thanks of all the inductive school of economists—based as it is chiefly on the evidence taken by a Royal Commission which is apparently modelled on the English archetype, shows that the Dutch working population has ample causes for discontent: wages seem terribly low; the truck system is rampant; the hours are extraordinarily long—eleven and a-half, for instance, for factory workers, and for tram-men seventeen; unionism is apparently backward, and the growth of the factory system—though there is still a good deal of friendly arrangement of labour disputes—is

pushing masters and men further and further apart.

THE Socialist agitation in Holland, which figures little in the report, seems rather a subsidiary than a principal cause of labour difficulties, and it is worth noticing that the province of Groningen—the only agricultural district in Europe, we imagine, where Socialism has obtained a foothold—is backward in educational matters, comparatively speaking, and has a population with ample reasons for discontent. It is worth noticing that, in spite of the decay of religion which is lamented in the documents on which the preamble of the report is based, there are very general efforts to prevent Sunday labour, which form a pleasant contrast to the way in which the steps taken by the Governments of Germany and Belgium are received by a large section of the population. The report abounds in valuable and even curious information—from the method of working windmills and the trade of diamond-cutting to the home colonies by which Holland makes an effort to solve the problem of the unemployed. Why do not intelligent tourists provide themselves with these digests before starting on their holiday? This one is eminently a book to glance into, and every page contains some interesting fact.

WHAT is happening in South America it is difficult to say precisely. Apparently in Argentina the "insurgents" are clearing out the Government of the Province of Tucuman and also possibly of Cordova—which is probably good news, they being (comparatively) the party of sound finance and honest government, and Cordova in especial being, we believe, a Celmanite stronghold. As to Brazil all that is known is that Rio is under bombardment, steps having first been taken to protect the life and property of foreign residents. Three ships of the navy have revolted against the President—or Dictator—but so far, it is said, have been repulsed with heavy loss. Unfortunately, the facts that leak out are less favourable than the official telegrams.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, etc.

A PRESIDENTIAL address at the British Association would hardly be complete without some reference to the lack of State aid to scientific research in England as compared with Germany and France. Much of the extraordinarily interesting and suggestive matter—of which more anon—of Professor Burdon-Sanderson's contribution to the series on Wednesday inclines the reader to back his demand, especially for that English imitation of the Pasteur Institute for which physiologists have long been trying to secure, against a strong opposition from anti-vivisectionists, the patronage, if not the money, of the State. There is this to be said for the claims of physiology—and Professor Burdon-Sanderson, of course, said it—that all the easier problems have been solved by the pioneers, and the chief difficulty of present students is that nothing can be done without elaborate and expensive apparatus. Professor Burdon-Sanderson forgets that in a democratic country with a University Extension movement and somewhat over-practical aims the public may display a somewhat embarrassing interest in the scientific work of its paid or endowed experimenters. If the State-aided researcher is to vaccinate guinea-pigs against cholera, the outside world will not object. If he is—merely, as Aristotle would say, "for the sake of contemplation"—to experiment in one of the directions the speaker mentioned on Wednesday, on the physiological equivalents of pain, the public will soon find out that the experiments involved—on the higher mammalia, be it remembered—are far more horrible than anything imagined by religious painter or mediæval monk, and will take very good care that the scene of the infliction of such torments shall be shifted to another country—if not to another world.

APART from this inevitable appeal, the address exhibited two salient features—a historical sketch of physiology, which reminds us that that science in its present phase is hardly older than a man of middle age; and a reference to the fascinating subject of psychophysics, which is studied everywhere but in England (we believe we ought to except one Cambridge College), and yet is more attractive and more "popular," in its results at any rate, than almost any other subject that could be named. There were some facts, new to the vast majority of his hearers, if not also of specialists, as to the progress made of late years on the well-known lines, opened up originally we believe by Helmholtz, as to the composition of sensations, the measurement of their speeds, and the reaction which, when it takes place in the brain, so strongly suggests a possible physiological rehabilitation of the Ego. Professor Sanderson suggests that as hearing develops out of the sense which persists in mankind as a sixth sense, and resides in the labyrinth of the ear, enabling us to judge direction and keep our balance, so sight may be really composite—a light-sense and a group of colour-senses, of which the former is much earlier in evolution. He dwelt upon the curious indications of preference in bacteria,—is it attraction or is it will?—by some for coloured light, by others for oxygen, and, by the migratory cells which inhabit the blood, for "certain products of disintegration," so that inflammation is essentially their gathering together to attractive food, as vultures round a carcass. Few addresses of recent years have been more interesting; and in spite of certain appearances to the contrary, this one is neither teleological nor metaphysical. It breathes the spirit of positive science, if it does not altogether speak its language.

WHILE, armed with a telescope and a photographic camera, it is not very difficult to obtain photographs of the planets, star-groups, and nebulae, it may not appear so simple to get the impressed image of shooting stars or fireballs, since one knows not in what direction to point the instrument. In the case of the former, however, especially during the times of the large swarms, one has only to point the camera to the heavens, with an exposure of half an hour or so, when one is sure to have caught a few trails on the film. With fireballs it is all a matter of accident. A case of this kind, quite unique as far as we know, comes from America. It seems that a Mr. J. E. Lewis, of Ansonia, Conn., was exposing a photographic plate to the heavens, in order to photograph the late Comet Holmes, when during the time of exposure a brilliant fireball passed directly in front of the camera. The photograph thus obtained is of really a most interesting kind. The most striking feature about it is the irregularities of light in its path, which increase in frequency towards the end of the plate. Prof. H. A. Newton, who has made a thorough study of the negative, supposes that the stony mass was in rotation more rapid at the end than at the beginning, and that unequal amounts of burned material were thrown off according as a well-burned or a raw surface was for the moment in front.

LONDON in September, as we were reminded last week, is bearable and even pleasurable in some respects; but still a book with the fascinating title of "Some Country Sights and Sounds" has a certain attractiveness for those whose country holiday is chiefly a matter of mental vision. As to this, Mr. Phil Robinson's new book is a trifle disappointing. It is quaint and humorous, if now and then very thin, with the peculiar humour which the author shares with certain clever animal-painters; but as the country sights include boys, and tigers, and wolves, and the moon, which after all you can see in Fleet Street or Regent's Park, respectively—and earthquakes, which are rare within the usual limits of a summer tour, we feel it is too comprehensive. The most comforting feature in the book at the present

moment is a suggestion of a reglacialised London—which is interesting, too, in view of the more pretentious and more scientific prophecies—with lakes full of ice-floes in the basins of the Brent and Lea, and glaciers descending on all sides from a mass of *névé* about the Alexandra Palace. The correctness of this picture must be left to geologists. Its attractiveness was enhanced by the temperature of last Thursday afternoon.

A VERY interesting publication which appears this week is a translation of Herr Eugen Richter's "Pictures of the Socialistic Future" (Swan Sonnenschein). The leader of the lately formidable German Radical party, who is a very intense Individualist, in this squib tries his hand at the weapon of poetic satire at the expense of Socialism. He pictures the future Socialistic State, and narrates the life and adventures under it of an excellent German workman and his family. Their experiences are not quite so pleasant as those of the people in Mr. Bellamy's Utopia. The book is an avowed counterblast to the teachings of Bebel; in this country, perhaps, the translation may serve as a counterblast to "Looking Backward." So far it has not been very successful as a polemic, if we are to judge by the result of the German elections. But this may be perhaps because Herr Richter's humour is not of the lightest, or because the humoristic method is not the best way of swaying the German voter. The little book is in any case very interesting.

THE death of General de Miribel, OBITUARY. Chief of the French General Staff, is a very serious loss to the French nation. He served in the war which liberated Italy, and in the French expedition to Mexico; he took part in the defence of Paris and in the suppression of the Commune, and, in spite of some Radical objections to his appointment and his temporary withdrawal, his merits had marked him out as indispensable for his last post. He was exceptionally able both as a soldier and organiser, and France has to thank him for the creation of Alpine troops. Surgeon-Major Parke was one of the most valued and trusted of Mr. Stanley's helpers in his last expedition: almost the only one, it has been said, who came out of it with no shade of discredit. He had also done good service in Egypt. Mr. G. Culley, C.B., Her Majesty's Senior Commissioner of Woods and Forests, had had a distinguished official career. Captain William Richey, late R.H.A., was well known in Corporation circles as City Marshal. M. Adolphe Yvon was a French historical painter of some note. M. Louis Ruchonnet was the Swiss Minister of Justice, and had twice—in 1883 and 1889—been President of the Confederation. M. Jean Étienne Dufour had been prominent for thirty years in the political life of Geneva, and represented it in the Federal Legislature as well as presiding over the Cantonal Government. Mr. James Toovey was a noted London bookseller and bibliophile.

THE TWO HOUSES.

DESPITE the rather hollow exultation of the Tory press over the action of the House of Lords a week ago, the political situation remains practically unchanged. No vote of the Upper House can affect either the stability of the Ministry or the life of Parliament. The fact that this is so is a sufficient commentary upon the farcical proceedings in which Lord Salisbury took the leading part last week. But now that for the moment the Home Rule Bill is set on one side, it becomes the duty of Liberals in general, and of the Government in particular, to consider their position, and to decide upon the

course which they will adopt in the future. It is too soon, of course, to set forth anything like a detailed programme of the work of next year: that will only be done after the Christmas Cabinets, and when Parliament meets for another Session. For the present Ministers are engaged in obtaining Supply, a work in which they have been greatly hindered by the deliberately obstructive tactics of Mr. Chamberlain and the small knot of adherents whom he is able to command in this evil work. There is, however, every likelihood that the adjournment will take place within a few days. The task of the November Session is already marked out for it. Whatever happens, it will be the duty of the Government to carry the Employers' Liability Bill and the Local Government Bill through the House of Commons before the prorogation. Nor is there any doubt as to their being able to do this. The force which carried the Home Rule Bill through all its stages in the House of Commons, despite the desperate conspiracy against it, will be more than sufficient to send the two measures we have named to the House of Lords before Christmas. It is perhaps too soon to speculate as to their fate when they reach that august though impossible assembly. The Peers, having tasted blood and having received more than a sufficient amount of adulation from their servile flatterers in the press, may be foolish enough to imagine that they can work their will with profit to themselves upon the other measures sent up to them by the House of Commons. There is no gauging the silliness of a body which is as completely without sense of responsibility as it is without representative character, and if Lord Salisbury himself should shrink from another encounter with the public, there is always Lord Denman ready and able to step into his shoes. On the whole, however, we are inclined to believe that at their Christmas sitting the Peers will swallow their prejudices and accept, however ungraciously, the two great measures of reform which the House of Commons is about to carry. When they have done so the Government and the Liberal party will be able to congratulate themselves upon the accomplishment of a year of most useful and practical work.

It is, however, of next year's work that men are now beginning to think, and there can be no doubt that their views upon the subject are gravely affected by the events of last week. Under ordinary circumstances the House of Commons, even when it is a Liberal or Radical House, shows a certain amount of consideration for the feeling of the Peers—the kind of consideration which the strong are bound, as a rule, to show towards the weak. But the circumstances now are not of an ordinary character. We have seen the work of many months of arduous labour in the Representative Chamber destroyed in a few hours by the action of the Peers; and neither they nor their friends can expect that the House of Commons, bearing this fact in mind, will consider their feelings in connection with the work of next year. The answer to their rejection of the Home Rule Bill must be the adoption by the House of Commons of a series of measures for Great Britain of the most sweeping and Radical character. The House must, in short, act up to its own principles and its own professions, and leave the Peers to take or to leave the meal which it sets before them. If this course be followed, as we believe it will be, Lord Salisbury will soon have occasion to regret the position in which he and his fellow Peers have placed themselves. He will have to choose, that is to say, between the meek acceptance of measures that must be absolutely intolerable to the ordinary member of the House of Lords, whose only zeal is on behalf of his own order

and his own interests, and the aggravation of the position of that House by the creation of fresh differences between it and popular sentiment in Great Britain. In either case the result is hardly likely to add to the strength or dignity of the Hereditary Chamber. If at the bidding of the House of Commons it accepts the strong measures which are sent up to it, a curious side-light will be thrown upon the pretensions it makes to independence and authority. If, on the other hand, it gives free rein to its selfish prejudices and prepossessions, the cry with which the Liberal Party will go to the country at the next General Election will be rendered far more effective than it otherwise would be. It is between the horns of a very ugly dilemma that the Peers have now to make their choice. Liberals can afford to look upon their ignominious plight with absolute equanimity. As we said last week, the House of Lords has done its worst. Whatever step it now takes—whether it crouches before the Representative Chamber or finds fresh cause of quarrel with it—the result must be its degradation in the eyes of the country. Most Liberals, we know, would rather see the Peers accept the latter alternative. There is nothing for which your true Radical thirsts more than for a cause of open conflict with the Peers. Such a cause he has now obtained, and he is not likely to fear the issue of the struggle which must follow. But he will certainly not object to see his position strengthened by further acts of perverse folly on the part of the Upper Chamber; and the rejection of a whole host of Scotch and English measures, on which the desires of the nation are fixed, would lead to such an outburst of feeling in the constituencies as would make the return of the Tories to power impossible for years to come.

The business of Liberals is to strengthen the hands of the Government by insisting that the measures to which they are now pledged shall be Radical in reality as well as in name. They can hardly be made too Radical to satisfy Liberal opinion in the country, and there must be no thought of weakening them in order to make them more acceptable to a Chamber which has declared war against us. Next Session ought to see the Welsh and Scotch Disestablishment Bills sent up at as early a period as possible to the House of Lords. The claims of London, too, will not only have to be considered, but to be considered in the light of the open opposition which the landed interest is making to every attempt to establish the relations of landlords and tenants in the metropolis on an equitable footing. Upon this question there must be no faltering and no falling back upon half measures. The stronger the Bills are as they leave the House of Commons, the better will Liberals be pleased, and the more effective will be the weapons with which they are armed against the Upper Chamber. We trust, too, that next year will not be allowed to close until those great measures of Electoral Reform which Ministers have already produced, or to which they are pledged, have been carried through the House of Commons and laid at the door of the House of Lords. A strong and really Radical programme of actual legislation must, in short, be the reply of the Government to the challenge which Lord Salisbury and his followers have just given them. Nor need we fear the result of the contest to which we have thus been invited. Let the Lords reject our measures if they please, as being too Liberal to suit their peculiar tastes and feelings. In one sense the more Bills they reject the better will the position be for us, and the General Election, which our opponents profess to desire, will be the signal for their utter rout. Let the Peers, on the other hand, accept our Bills, and we shall at least have the satisfaction of knowing that the Parlia-

ment of 1892 has accomplished more in the way of political and social reform than any of its predecessors, and that it has done this in spite of the efforts to thwart the national will which have been made by the House of Lords at the bidding of the Tory caucus, whose slave it is.

SOME URGENT COLONIAL QUESTIONS.

A SERIES of Parliamentary Papers which have been issued during the week, and certain news which has come from Uganda, from Mashonaland, and from the territories of the Royal Niger Company, raise a crop of Colonial questions of really pressing importance. Almost all of them throw a bright light upon the system of colonising through chartered companies, and suggest with new force the propriety of reconsidering our Imperial responsibilities in this respect. There are three chartered companies concerned. All of them are in difficulties of one kind or another; all of them want to shift their difficulties on to the shoulders of the Imperial Government; one of them is engaged in what is not very far removed from an attempt to swindle the Imperial Government; another has partially succeeded in getting the Imperial Government to subsidise a railway which is not meant to pay; another is busy in nothing less than generating friction for us with one of the Continental Powers.

Of all these proceedings the one least to be borne with patience by the British taxpayer and the Government which represents him is the proposed action of the British East Africa Company, as very fully disclosed in the papers relating to Witu. This matter must be read by the light of the Uganda question of which it forms a part. The public is aware what has happened in Uganda. The British East Africa Company breaks down and informs the Government that it is going to evacuate the territory, leaving anarchy behind it and the lives of Christians and British subjects at the mercy of cannibal tribes. In the interests of humanity the Government intervenes, takes over the territory temporarily and sends out an Imperial Commissioner to report on the situation. Meanwhile the Company has now evacuated Witu, another of its districts, in the same fashion, but—and here is the kernel of the matter—it proposes to retain for itself a certain chosen portion of Witu and a certain district and islands along the coast for the purpose of there intercepting and levying custom off the traffic from the interior. In other words, the Company, having handed over its waste and troublesome territory to the Imperial Government, not only proposes to keep the fat parts on the coast in its own hands, but, flinging its civilising and humanitarian pretensions to the winds, actually offers to set up in business after the exact manner of the old Portuguese and Arab blackmailers. The hinterland may shift for itself, the Imperial Government or whoever likes may develop it, but the British East Africa Company will squat there at the gates and all who would pass must pay it tribute. The idea has quite a mediæval ring about it. Lord Rosebery in his despatch puts the matter very plainly:—

“From the earliest date of authentic history, through the epoch of the Arab and Portuguese occupations, and the reigns of the rulers of Muscat and Zanzibar, it had been the policy of the conquerors of the coast to leave the mainland in the hands of the uncivilised and predatory tribes which populated it, and to intercept its trade at the sea-ports for the benefit of the middlemen settled in them. . . . The advent of the British Company was supposed to inaugurate a new era. To return to the old conditions of a dual administration would be an anomalous and retrograde step in the history of African progress. Politically and commercially,

the connexion between the ports and the interior is now indissoluble. . . . The directors will probably agree that the Company, one of whose chief aims has been the benefit of the natives of East Africa, would not, if it could, adopt the policy of enriching itself at their expense, and of paralysing an administration which might attempt to take up the reins which it is compelled to drop by intercepting, for the benefit of its shareholders, the natural sources of revenue."

Lord Rosebery further points out that even if the Company would adopt this policy it could not; for the Berlin Act by its provision as regards freedom of transit would interpose to protect the natives. To this the Company replies that in that case it would have "an undeniable moral, if not legal, right to compensation"; which, translated into simple speech, amounts to saying, "If you won't let us blackmail the natives you must at least pay us some blackmail yourself." The whole pretensions of the British East Africa Company in this matter are monstrous and anomalous in the extreme, and before the Imperial Government moves another step in Uganda it ought to make the position perfectly clear. The latest news from Uganda is that the long-threatened Mohammedan rising has been successfully suppressed, that S'r Gerald Portal has temporarily engaged the Soudanese troops as a sort of police, and that the capital is being moved from Kampala to the shores of the lake. This seems to herald a report in favour of our remaining in the country. If it does, the Government must make it clear that the first condition of our taking over any of the responsibilities of the British East Africa Company is that that Company takes itself, bag and baggage, out of the country, and that its charter forthwith ceases. If we are to occupy any part of this region, it must certainly be those choice spots on the coast which the Company has coolly elected to retain, which are the gates of the Tana-Juba districts, and which are essential to the connection with the interior.

A very extraordinary correspondence is that which was issued on Wednesday respecting the projected Bechuanaland railway. The true inwardness of this project is that Mr. Cecil Rhodes, on behalf of the Cape and of the British South Africa Company, is anxious to have a line along the western frontier of the Transvaal, which will eventually divert the trade of that country into Cape Colony. It is a legitimate idea enough of itself. But Mr. Rhodes, with his usual skill, would like to carry out this work for the benefit of Cape Colony at the expense of Bechuanaland; and we are rather surprised to learn that he has succeeded so far that the Colonial Office and the Treasury have sanctioned the granting of a subsidy to the line by the Bechuanaland Government. As soon as the line is built to Gaborone the subsidy will amount to £10,000 a year for ten years; when it has reached Palapye this subsidy will be doubled. There is no pretence, as the necessity for a subsidy shows, that the line could pay, and Lord Ripon even points out that the subsidy would be insufficient only that it is to be supplemented by one from the British South Africa Company. Whether the company, which is now on the point of being involved in a war, will ever be able to fulfil this engagement is a question which, though interesting, does not affect the morality or expediency of saddling a struggling colony with this, to it, very serious expense. There is no strategic reason to call for this departure from the normal methods of developing railway enterprise. There is no trade as yet in Bechuanaland itself to justify the undertaking on commercial grounds. The late Government hesitated to authorise the subsidy in question without the approval of Parliament.

Lord Ripon, for some reason, has felt himself free to do so. It is a matter which calls for some elucidation in the House of Commons; but whatever may have been the reasons which guided the Colonial Office, we sincerely hope that this exotic project will be postponed until it arises in a natural manner out of the commercial necessities of the colony which is asked to pay for it.

We have already expressed our views as to the relations of the British South Africa Company with the Matabele; and it is only necessary to call attention to the fact that the signs of war have grown more threatening within the past week, and that Mr. Rhodes has set out in the hope of having a personal interview with Lobengula. As to the conduct of the Royal Niger Company's agents in their dealings with the French agent, M. Moelle, who has replaced M. Mizon, the Foreign Office would do well to look into this matter before it goes too far. The Government has quite enough on its hands from these irresponsible companies, actually and prospectively, without being involved by their buccaneers in imbrolios with European Powers.

THE MODERN BALANCE OF POWER.

THE ticklish equilibrium on which the peace of Europe is at present maintained is being brought once again into striking relief. It might have been foreseen that the selection of the Reichsland for the scene of this year's German Army Manœuvres would have given rise to some sore feeling in France. This would have been in the nature of things. But the German Emperor has taken care that this feeling shall not want for stimulation. Advancing to the very frontier, brandishing his "German sword," boasting of his "brave Lorrainers," and shouting, "O Strassburg! O Strassburg! Du Wunderschöne Stadt," he was not, it must be confessed, a soothing spectacle for the eyes of a highly strung and sensitive enemy. He paraded with him, too, as guerdon of an important alliance, the Italian Crown Prince. The sight of this young prince, the grandson of Victor Emmanuel, who owes all he hopes for to France, demonstrating as an enemy on the soil of the ravished provinces, was as the tooth of ingratitude supplementing the stings of humiliation. Perhaps the most galling circumstance of all to French pride was the evident popularity of the Emperor in Alsace and Lorraine, the sad evidence borne in upon the mind that the lost provinces were beginning at last to forget *la Patrie* and turn with complaisance to the conqueror. At any rate, we have the wounded feeling, and now, as a solace to the wound, we are to have a counter-demonstration. Cronstadt is to be repeated at Toulon. France and Russia, in the persons of the President of the Republic and an Imperial Grand Duke, are to fall upon each other's necks in full sight of Europe. The event in all the circumstances is looked upon in France as the most significant since 1870. So intense is the national feeling on the subject that the Paris press have actually sunk their differences in order to co-operate in organising the graceful hospitalities with which France is preparing to do honour to her guests. If it all passes off without causing trouble we shall feel greatly relieved. That it will pass off without plenty of wild words there is no use in expecting. When it comes to vapouring, the German Emperor is not in it with a Parisian journalist in the *Eclaireur*.

It is all very well for a certain class of people in this country to speak lightly of the Franco-Russian

alliance. Its existence, in fact, whether on parchment or not, we take for granted, for it is as much to the Czar's natural interest that he should have France for an ally as it is for France that she should not be isolated. The plain truth is that the Franco-Russian alliance is as necessary to the peace of Europe as the alliance of the Central Powers—neither more nor less. We have arrived nowadays at a very curious state of things, when the old theory of the Balance of Power seems taking on a new sort of application. A nicely poised balance of the Continental Powers, whose enormous armaments are continually being adjusted to keep it even, is more than ever the essential guarantee of tranquillity. Does any close observer of the European situation doubt for a moment that if that equipoise were seriously upset—if, say, France were isolated, or the Triple Alliance swollen into a Quadruple Alliance—the peace of Europe in the hands of the shouting Emperor would be worth twenty-four hours' purchase? There are three ways in especial by which the balance of the Powers might be broken. One is by the isolation of France, and that the alliance with Russia averts. Another is by the financial breakdown of Italy or Austria, and that, although the fear of it is an element in quickening the mind of the Triple Alliance towards warlike counsels, is for the time being not an immediate danger. The third course concerns us, for it is England's joining the Triple Alliance. There are people in England mad enough to wish for this; there are English Generals of insatiable ambition reckless enough to advocate it. The diplomacy of Germany, Austria, and Italy puts forth every art to bring it about. It is the common hope of their publicists expressed on every occasion. "It is possible," says the *Vossische Zeitung*, "that England may be brought closer to the Triple Alliance by the fraternising of the French and Russian fleets." And, strange to say, amongst the forces operating towards this end are the crack-brained Chauvinists of the Parisian boulevard whose method of exploiting such questions as that of Siam is calculated to push England into that Alliance in spite of herself. If anyone has any doubt as to the effect of such a step on England's part, he has only to consider how near we were to a European conflagration when English and French gunboats were showing their teeth to each other the other day in the Menam. France and England at war about Siam would have been the opportunity for the Triple Alliance to fight France and Russia with four Powers instead of three, and the opportunity would have proved irresistible.

England's independent neutrality, as we have often pointed out, is thus the chief guarantee of European peace. From her own individual point of view, this historical policy of hers is of still more importance. We have nothing to gain, but everything to lose, from being entangled in these Continental alliances. We should be the cat's-paw for whatever combination we were foolish enough to join. If the peace of the Continent is ruptured, our rôle is to safeguard our own interests and to aid with authoritative voice in the ultimate peace-making. Now more than ever, when unforeseen elements of friction have been arising between us and France, is it essential to keep this policy in view; and we frankly say that the present is a time when our diplomacy ought to make an express and direct effort to come to an understanding with France and Russia on this whole matter, as we already fairly understand the other Powers. The appointment of Sir Henry Norman, whose frontier views are thoroughly sound, and the mission from the Indian Government which is about to start for Afghanistan, seem to

offer a favourable opportunity for bringing the North-west Frontier problem out of the region of ambiguity once for all. We are confident that, pending the final readjustment of our position in Egypt, our differences with France in Siam, Newfoundland, and Madagascar can be agreeably accommodated. Our mottoes must be vigilance and conciliation. Let us keep up our navy to the highest pitch of strength and efficiency. If Russia and Germany establish coaling stations in the Mediterranean, let us reply with a coaling harbour at Gibraltar. But let us make Russia and Germany understand that no amount of fraternisation between them and their respective allies will send us into the arms of one or other of the festive parties.

LORD ROSEBERY'S SPEECH.

THE Lords have done their work. The Whips have brought together their big majority from the moors, and even from the lunatic asylums. Orangemen have smashed the windows of their Catholic neighbours. And yet when all is over even the Orangeman must be conscious in the morning light that the big majority means nothing, that the full-dress debate was a hollow sham, that the Home Rule Bill is as much alive as ever. One utterance only stands out from the many speeches as fit to move, or even to interest, the people. Lord Salisbury was as indiscreet, and Lord Spencer and Lord Ripon as earnest and manly, as ever; but Lord Rosebery's was the only speech which has struck the public mind as novel, the only thing the average man remembers of the Lords' debate one short week after it was finished. A good deal of the interest is doubtless excited by the mere personality of the speaker. The spoilt child of fortune, who, without apparent effort, seemed to attain all that others strive after, with birth, fortune, and genius to aid him, Lord Rosebery yet lacks the one opportunity for which he yearns the most. He has all the qualities which would make a great leader of the House of Commons. He has the power of oratory and the power to be silent, the firmness of policy, and the tact of management, the magnetic charm of manner, which attracts to the man the enthusiasm which is seldom felt for a cause alone. Yet by an accident of birth he is prevented from ever entering the governing assembly, and he lives keenly conscious of his disability. There have been princes who were not deceived by the trappings of dominion, and knew that they were born without an opportunity of real power which was open to the humblest of their subjects. As they were among princes, Lord Rosebery is among peers. The strongest objection to a constitutional monarchy is from the point of view of the monarch of intelligence, and one of the strongest objections to a *chambre faînéante* is from the point of view of an able man who is born a member of it.

But this was not all. There was another aspect of Lord Rosebery's speech which set people talking about it. It was a puzzle, a mystery. What did he mean by it? Was he sneering at the Bill, or at his fellow peers? Is he in earnest about anything? Is he a cynic? Is he flippant? Is he a Home Ruler? All these questions came to the mouths of puzzled critics, who were so surprised at anything fresh being said by anyone about the Home Rule Bill that they could not understand it. We need not stop to inquire whether Lord Rosebery was wise in puzzling his critics. He attracted attention, but he left himself open to misapprehension. Any man is rash who abandons the safe level of commonplace,

and Lord Rosebery was to Mr. Chamberlain as Browning to Mrs. Hemans. But, like Browning, Lord Rosebery is worth trying to understand. Let us try.

Was he cynical? A cynic, says the dictionary, is "a person who believes that human conduct is directed, either consciously or unconsciously, wholly by self-interest, and that appearances to the contrary are superficial and untrustworthy." Perhaps, then, he was a little cynical. He refused to believe that the Conservatives had power and six months' salary thrust upon them altogether unwillingly in 1885. He thought they took office because they wanted it. He thought they changed the Governmental policy in Ireland because they wanted the Irish vote, which had put them in office, to keep them in office. And he thought that under similar circumstances they would probably do the same thing again. He did not say all this, out of regard for "their Lordships' well-known courtesy," but he hinted it, and that, we take it, is cynicism according to the dictionary. But in that sense we are all cynics—those of us who are not fools. We have just a suspicion that Lord Rosebery's cynicism went a step further. A cynic, says Kingsley, is a man who sneers at his own enthusiasms. We fancy Lord Rosebery is a little more enthusiastic about Home Rule than he admitted in the House of Lords. He has spoken more enthusiastically for it in the country. But he has a strong sense of the fitness of things. He would not put pearls before swine or enthusiasms before peers. In days when speeches are so often treatises dictated to reporters, without thought of the audience, we welcome this sort of cynicism as a sign of grace.

And was he flippant? The *Daily News*, as we noticed last week, seemed to think so. The humour, the pretty phrases, the stinging illustrations, seemed to this exacting critic a little overdone. He did not rise, we are told, to the occasion. But what was the occasion? It was a death-bed, and Lord Rosebery should have made a funeral oration. We cannot admit, even in a metaphor, that humour is out of place upon a death-bed. Father Faber was among the most earnest of men, but when he was told he had but an hour to live he sent for the last of the current parts of "Pickwick." But this was not a death-bed; the Bill was only dead by courtesy. The Peers were holding a wake round a very live corpse. Lord Rosebery might surely be allowed to see the humour of the situation. Life is a solemn and dreary affair, and there may be legitimate doubts whether laughter is in this world at all permissible. But, granted that laughter may sometimes be palliated—and so far the *Daily News* will perhaps go along with us—there could be no better excuse for laughter than the preposterous proceedings of the peers. A man who can be witty at the expense of his audience, and can make them laugh at his wit, is not necessarily disentitled to our respect.

And is he a Home Ruler? Perhaps the strongest proof that his speech was the speech of a real Home Ruler is found in the applause of his Irish critics. The more reasonable Irishmen have long ceased to expect that every British sympathiser with their cause shall feel for all the sufferings of their race as if he had been born at Achill and nourished on Mangan. They have learnt that some of their most determined friends became Home Rulers from no love of particularism, and without the slightest enthusiasm for the Young Irelanders. They recognise in Lord Rosebery the type of British mind which is most likely to affect the ultimate decision in their favour. He is not sure about anything in Ireland. The difficulty of understanding Ireland seems to him very great. He feels there is something in the

genius of the people which makes it quite impossible for strangers to govern them from Westminster. Whether skilled Britons who gave their life to the business, and who were little interfered with by other Britons who had no such opportunity, could govern the Irish as Indian civilians govern the races of the East, he does not inquire. He thinks that course impossible. Of the other two courses open to him, he thinks the one, which was Lord Salisbury's, irritating and ineffective. It is expensive, and it cannot be continuous. The Conservatives abandoned Coercion in 1885. The constituencies condemned Coercion in 1892. If in 1801 Pitt had passed Catholic emancipation, overpowering an opposition which was very much keener, wider, and deeper than either Lord Rosebery or Lord Salisbury admitted, the result, Lord Rosebery thinks, might have been different. Union without Coercion might have been possible, but it was not possible now. And so the force of circumstances, the logic of facts, has driven Lord Rosebery to Home Rule. He would have preferred a general measure of devolution, but facts again were too strong for him. He could not settle the Irish difficulty by that amount of devolution which would be the most desired by Scotland. So he anchored on the present scheme. So confident is he in the correctness of his estimate of the forces which have directed and controlled his own action that he believes others too will be forced to obey them, and that by agreement between the two great parties the question will be settled. This was the serious message of Lord Rosebery's speech. We believe it is typical of the considered opinion of the vast majority of the people of this country.

THE INDUSTRIAL WAR.

AS we write, the outlook in the Midlands is darker than ever; and the action of the miners of Northumberland and Durham is likely to deepen the gloom. The majority of them have broken away from the policy of their leaders, making terms with the Federation from which they recently seceded, demanding an advance of wages, and threatening, if it be not conceded, to join the great army of strikers whose passive resistance and slow endurance can hardly fail to change into further acts of violence before they are driven by slow starvation to resume their work. Moreover, the strike is spreading to Belgium and Northern France—to the great advantage of the coal-owners there, who have a large stock of coal to dispose of. There are, indeed, here and there brighter spots in the view. In Wales and in the Bristol coalfield the strike is over; in North Staffordshire and in the Forest of Dean there is at least a temporary resumption of work, pending arbitration or some form of compromise: but if the reports from Derbyshire and Yorkshire are to be trusted at all, the peace is kept only by force. Still, the men are unanimous in Derbyshire, though not in Yorkshire, against arbitration or any form of settlement, except on their own terms. Under these circumstances, it is hardly wonderful that the conference of the Miners' Federation at Nottingham on Thursday and Friday seems likely, as we go to press, to produce no practical result. Meanwhile the strike goes on: and if the coal-owners' motive be really greed, the men are playing their game.

It must again be said that the strike has been entered upon with a lamentable absence of judgment, and a total neglect of the obvious precaution of securing that the public should understand the real merits of the dispute. Even now the disputants themselves differ as to the central point of contention.

What, after all, is the reduction proposed? Is it 35 shillings out of every 140, or 25, or only 10? Is it really 25 per cent., or 17½, or only 7½? The Federation leaders say it is the first, the coal-owners mostly maintain that it is the second, and one of their number declares that the true amount is the third. Again, if the miners could live on a certain wage in 1888, why, now that the prices of commodities are—if anything—lower, cannot they live on even 15 per cent. more to-day? Their advocates point to mining royalties, or to the dividends of colliery companies, ranging from five to twenty per cent., as proofs that the coal-owners can afford to pay more. But the average spectator, if he has read any political economy, brings certain *a priori* prepossessions—prejudices, perhaps—which prevent his accepting this as conclusive. Mining royalties, he will say, are of the nature of rent—that familiar “surplus” which forms no part of the cost of production in the text-books, and probably does not, as a rule, in real life either. Again, if there is to be an average minimum wage, it must be determined by the circumstances of the collieries where profits and rents are lowest; and any increase of it at more prosperous collieries is of the nature of a gift. To say that because a colliery is paying a fair dividend, therefore it can afford to pay an appreciably higher rate of wages than it does, seems, as far as can be judged without figures, to involve the same fallacy as the doctrine which, before now, has been the favourite instrument of swindlers for the ruin of many a small investor—that because a bank is paying a dividend of ten per cent., therefore it can give considerably more than two per cent. to depositors. The five per cent. per annum, if that be the minimum dividend, might easily, when cut up into the weekly wages of hundreds of men, involve only a fractional increase; and lower dividends mean higher mortgage interest, decreased power of borrowing, and less facility of obtaining the circulating capital without which the machinery cannot usually be kept going at all. If some friend of the miners would meet these difficulties—which the ordinary spectator brings with him from his economic reading or business experience—he would do far more good to the cause he champions than can possibly result from Mr. Cunningham Graham’s assurances that what he did not see—because he was not on the spot—had no existence, or from Mr. Pickard’s scornful references to our soldiers at Isandula.

The most lamentable result of the whole wretched business is that relapse into the savageries of industrial warfare, of which the most conspicuous instance was the riot at Ackton on Thursday week. The men have done wisely in repudiating the rioters. If they were to repress the minor outbursts of violence which are daily reported they would do more wisely still. It may be true—probably it is—that the mass of the rioters were not colliers, but loafers and tramps and “the residuum” which makes a thickly populated industrial district one of the great failures of civilisation. So it was at the great strike at Pittsburg in 1877; so it has been in every revolution and nearly every war. The worst horrors of warfare are not chiefly due to the armies; the excesses of revolution are not the work of the high-minded leaders and heroes who give the signal and devise the plan. It is the camp-followers and the anarchic residuum, the Ishmaelites and the monsters of civilised life, who constitute the great danger, and whom it is the interest of the real combatants to put down with a strong hand.

At Ackton last week there was some deplorable bungling and delay, but at last—and, if the reports are true, none too soon—the troops fired, with the

usual result, that at least one innocent spectator was shot. There is not an army in the world whose troops, in the face of such provocation from the mob, would not have fired long before, and fired oftener. Indeed, so far as strict law is concerned, it seems that they would have been quite justified in firing earlier, even without the presence of a magistrate. As it is, the presence of the troops—not to mention, as we said last week, that it is a corollary of the most elementary function of government—is the best guarantee to the strikers themselves that excesses shall not be committed which would do irreparable harm to their cause. The men’s advocates complain, of course, that the troops are under the orders of the magistrates, who are a nominated, not an elective body, and are representatives of the capitalist interest alone. Mr. Ben Tillett demands that the military and police shall be controlled by the County Councils. But even they must work through a police committee, and unless such a committee were composed of strikers it could not conceivably have failed to summon troops in this case. And in the interest of the strikers themselves it would be a pity if it had. To put down with a strong hand the destruction of property or any breach of the peace—especially when the persons most injured are themselves suffering and themselves liable to be goaded by their sufferings into making the injury worse—is the kindest course in the end and the fairest to all parties. It is only the unfortunate traditions of English Radicalism—dating from a time when the army was really the army of a class, and when political agitation and trade combinations were supposed to be acts of revolution—that blind some English Liberals to the palpable fact that the primary object of government is to prevent breaches of the peace. The blame due to the respective disturbers may be apportioned at leisure. There may, of course, be mistakes: it is almost certain that (as in this case) the wrong men will be shot. Peaceable people have their remedy: let them stay away from scenes of riot. The wielders of that “collective control” which the Trades Union Congress has just voted would, we suspect, speedily find themselves compelled in any industrial disturbance to be much more prompt and severe. But industrial disturbances, it may be replied, would not happen. That, however, is hoping too much, even after the ethical reform which is the prerequisite of a Socialised State.

FINANCE.

THE speculation on the Stock Exchange has been less wild this week. It has not died out quite, but it has been kept much better within bounds. Indeed, it happily appears clear from the fortnightly settlement, which began on Wednesday morning, that the speculation has been confined within narrow limits. If a great quantity of stock had been bought by persons unable to pay for it, there would have been need for large borrowing; but as a matter of fact, Stock Exchange borrowers were able to get all the money they wanted at about 3½ per cent., while the Bank of England rate of discount was 5 per cent. Rates of continuation, too, were very light. In the United States there has been a decided recovery, but there is still much to cause uneasiness. For one thing, the Senate has not yet been induced to repeal the Sherman Act. Until this week it was hoped, since the vote of the House of Representatives, that no more attempts would be made at compromise; but now it is reported that a Bill is to be introduced into the Senate for the purchase of three million dollars’ worth of silver every month up to a very high limit. Naturally the report has had a disquieting influence upon the New

York market. The crisis, too, has greatly disorganised trade. The railway traffic receipts are exceedingly bad. In the North-West there are loud complaints that money enough to send the crops to market cannot be obtained, and from the South come reports that no revival is apparent there as yet. All this should be a warning to prudent people not to engage in rash speculation. But the investor will bear in mind that so great a crisis cannot be expected to pass away all at once. If the Sherman Act is repealed, there will be a gradual recovery, and that is all that can be looked for. The Brazilian fleet, which revolted at the end of last week, has begun the bombardment of Rio, and it is said that one of the forts has declared for the insurgents. Still the fall in Brazilian securities has not been so great as might have been anticipated. The political troubles in Argentina continue, and there is no sign yet of an early settlement. The President clearly is unequal to his position, and it is difficult to see what will be the end of the crisis.

Here at home the miners seem to be intent upon continuing the strike indefinitely, although many of them are reported to be suffering great distress, and trade is deplorably affected. In Paris, on the other hand, there is a very hopeful feeling. The last of the high-interest-bearing Russian loans is about to be converted, and very shortly the French Government itself intends to undertake the conversion of the Four-and-a-Half per Cents.—a very large undertaking, which must involve considerable time. Operators in Paris argue that the Government and the banks will combine to support markets, and they are looking, therefore, for very active business during the autumn and winter. So sanguine are they that they have run up the price even of Spanish bonds, although the outlook in Spain is as dark as it well can be. Almost the only stock seriously depressed in Paris at present is Italian Rentes. But the French investor for a long time has been selling Italians, and French speculators appear now to be making a dead set against them, encouraged by the desperate state of Italian finance.

Contrary to the calculations of everybody, India has been importing nearly as much silver as ever since the closing of the Mints. It was naturally assumed that, when the metal could no longer be sent to be coined, it would be bought by the Indian people only in very small quantities. As a matter of fact, it is being imported in immense quantities, and there is also a very active demand for China, and other countries of the far East. Whatever the explanation may be, the import of so much silver into India lessens the demand for India Council bills and telegraphic transfers, and consequently the Council is very much behindhand in its sales. This week again it offered for tender forty lakhs of rupees, but was able to obtain its minimum price only for a quarter of a lakh. We are now, however, approaching the season of the year when the export of commodities from India ought to increase very considerably. It may be concluded that then those who buy Indian commodities will have to purchase India Council drafts to pay for a portion, at all events, of what they purchase. But still it appears very doubtful indeed whether the Council will be able to sell as much as it requires to meet all its obligations in London. Owing to the very active demand for silver for the far East the price remains as high as 34½d. per ounce. As was generally expected, the directors of the Bank of England on Thursday reduced their rate of discount from 5 per cent. to 4 per cent. They kept it at the higher figure for three weeks, much to the dissatisfaction of the outside market. It is to be hoped that the Bank will now act with greater energy than it has lately done. We are approaching the time of the year when usually the withdrawals of gold become very large, and unless greater judgment is displayed than has been shown hitherto this year, we shall by-and-by have another disturbance of the market and another annoyance to traders.

THE CHOLERA SCARE.

IN one of those admirable Table Talks of our venerable friend Oliver Wendell Holmes, "the Master," descanting to "the Boarders" on the wonders of the microscope, exclaims, "Talk about your *megatherium* and your *megalosaurus*,—what are these to the *bacterium* and the *vibrio*? These," he continues, "are the dreadful monsters of to-day. If they show themselves where they have no business, the little rascals frighten honest folks worse than ever people were frightened by the Dragon of Rhodes." And when one reads in your columns of last week that the mighty Rhine has been declared infected with the cholera germ, the force of the "Master's" remark comes home to each one of us. For, truly, if such a mass of running water, rising amongst the everlasting snow-clad Alps, and having such a reservoir as the lake of Constance, is, on medical authority, declared to be dangerous even for bathers—to say nothing of drinkers—we may naturally be thinking what would happen to us if our much smaller rivers, upon which many of our toiling millions depend for every drop of water, should be subjected to similar infection. But the fact that such a state of things may exist need not frighten honest folks, for although its occurrence is possible, it is highly improbable, inasmuch as science, which has discovered the cause, also points out the remedy. The cholera bacillus, even when found in running water, can be got rid of in several ways. In the first place, when infected river-water is carefully filtered through beds of gravel and sand, as is done by all our London companies drawing their supplies from the Thames or the Lea, by far the greater part of the living germs existing in the flowing river are left stranded on the particles of sand, and the risk of infection is thereby very much reduced.

The effect of this filtration through sand in purifying infected river-water is well seen in the case of the Elbe. Last year Hamburg suffered severely, and the origin of the outbreak was clearly traced to the use of unfiltered Elbe water. Since that time the authorities have bestirred themselves, and Hamburg is now supplied with filtered water from that river, and no cases of cholera have as yet occurred in the city. But this large-scale filtration—though greatly diminishing the chances of infection—is not to be looked upon as a complete prevention. In order to be certain that no living germs exist in our drinking-water, we must either boil it or we must employ a household filter which really gets rid of every trace of bacterial life; and such filters are obtainable, although the ordinary kind are absolutely useless for this purpose. Even prolonged boiling does not necessarily impart sterility to all infected waters, and for this reason, that whilst fully developed forms of bacterial life are found to be killed by exposure to this temperature for a short time, the germs or spores of many forms are not thus destroyed, and on cooling these spores germinate to the full-fledged bacillus. If, however, the boiling be repeated, even for a few minutes, for two or three successive days, the water is found to be sterile.

Fortunately, the cholera bacillus does not—so far as we are aware—form spores, and, therefore, one boiling is sufficient to exclude this organism from water. The moral thus far to be drawn from scientific research is a very simple one. During an outbreak of cholera, do not drink a drop of water which has not either been boiled or has passed the ordeal of a really effective filter. Perhaps to drink no water at all is the safest course to take. Many would like to be able to follow the example of the German physicians who were sent to investigate the cholera epidemic in Hamburg, and who literally ate nothing but well-roasted meat, and drank nothing but good red wine. Unfortunately, but few of us can follow out this prescription, and most people must drink Adam's ale. But let them not lure themselves into the perhaps pleasant but certainly very erroneous fancy that the addition of

alcohol in any form is inimical to bacterial life. If you mix boiling water with your whiskey you may drink your toddy safely, but this is not due to the whiskey. Whilst, however, it is proper to take precautions, and whilst, in this case especially, prevention is better than cure, the main point to remember is that, after all, the risk of any serious epidemic in England this year is small; for, in the first place, the season is now far advanced, temperature is falling, and with that fall the chances of the spread of sporadic cases become less; and, secondly, our sanitary cordon is the ocean, and our means of detecting and isolating imported cases are, thanks to the knowledge and care displayed by all persons concerned, from the central authority downwards, so complete, that there need be little fear of serious mischief. Then it must be admitted that as our information concerning the nature of the disease becomes more precise, the more does the difficulty of exact diagnosis increase. The differences between the true Asiatic form on the one hand, and severe cases of what is known as *Cholera nostras* on the other, which, like the poor, is always with us, seem, as we advance, to become more difficult of determination. So that it is not unlikely that cases of collapse and speedy death, which, if the cholera scare were absent, would be passed over as everyday occurrences, are, in times like these, trumpeted forth in the papers as cases of the dreaded plague. On all hands, therefore, we can look forward with good hope, and even with confidence, that the scourge which has in years gone by in this country counted its victims by scores of thousands, and still does so in less favoured lands, is for us now a thing of the past.

But whilst we in England are well prepared to meet the foe should he occasionally show his face amongst us, hundreds of thousands of our fellow subjects in the East are smitten down year by year by the pestilence which walks at noonday. Worse than this, it is amongst Her Majesty's lieges in India that the foci of the disease exist; from these centres the foe marches westward undeterred by land or by sea. It is at the great Indian fairs, at the great Mohammedan festivals and in their holy places, that the seeds of the disease are sown and spread. The habits of the Eastern peoples, and especially their religious observances, are of a character exactly suited to encourage the spread of the virus. Words fail to describe the horrible conditions under which hundreds of thousands of pilgrims live whilst saving their souls by losing their bodies in these places. Something has already been done with success by our Indian Government to bring the simplest of sanitary measures to bear upon the masses of the population who gather in dense crowds to bathe in the holy waters of the Ganges, but much remains yet to do. And elsewhere, beyond the reach of our active sanitarians, things are far worse, and the danger to civilisation is much greater. At Mecca and Medina, where not even the authority of the Sultan is respected, the cholera fiend runs riot. Thousands of unburied cholera corpses pollute the air, the water of the holy spring Zem-Zem, which the poor infatuated Moslems use for washing their bodies outside to begin with and inside afterwards, is some ten times as foul as the average London sewage; and yet some few live—and it says much for them—to return to their homes.

The short discussion which took place on Tuesday night, or rather on Wednesday morning, in the House of Commons on the Local Government Board vote was satisfactory in every respect. The expression of confidence coming from both sides of the House in the ability and determination not only of the responsible heads of that important branch of our public service, but especially in its medical department, only reflected the opinion held by all competent persons outside, whilst the praise which Mr. Fowler bestowed on the local authorities was equally well deserved. Even more important, however, was the opinion expressed by the late Parlia-

mentary Secretary to the Board, as well as by myself, as to the unsatisfactory position of the scientific department of the service. Fully admitting that the medical officers of the Board are men of the highest professional attainments, and acknowledging that they carry out their most responsible duties admirably, it still remains a startling fact that both as regards the number of experts, and especially as regards equipment, our national system of hygiene bears no sort of comparison in completeness and efficiency with that of other countries. In Paris, in Berlin, in St. Petersburg, not to mention smaller places, Government Hygienic Establishments exist of the most complete character. Foreign sanitarians can scarcely believe that whilst we in this country stand far before other European nations in the practical application of sanitary principles, England possesses no National Institution in which the scientific, and perhaps the most important, side of the question can be satisfactorily studied. An organised effort is, however, now being made to found such an Institution, but, as is our wont, without Government aid. The British Institute of Preventive Medicine, which, thanks to the efforts of the most distinguished members of the medical profession in the country, and thanks also to the pecuniary aid which has been received from liberal and patriotic donors, is being established, bids fair to become the nucleus of an Institute of Hygiene worthy of the nation. If the present cholera scare should have the effect of awakening public opinion to the necessity of our setting our house in order in this respect, and of enabling those more specially interested in this most vital question to establish an institute which will confer benefits upon this country comparable with those enjoyed by our neighbours on the Continent, the occurrence of some few sporadic cases of cholera at home will not have been without its useful aspect.

H. E. ROSCOE.

CORDITE AND CONNAUGHT.

THE discovery of mares' nests is, as we know, one of the commonest forms of human error. That we should frequently see examples of it in the House of Commons is inevitable, for is not a large portion of the time of that assembly devoted to the grievances, real or imaginary, of half the human race? It is not often, however, that such fine specimens of the mare's nest are presented even to Parliament in a single evening as those which formed the subject of discussion in Committee of Supply last Monday. The first was what has been rather impudently called "The Cordite Scandal" by those who act upon the principle of giving a dog a bad name before hanging him. As a matter of fact, there is no Cordite scandal except in the heated imagination of Mr. Hanbury and of the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Why Mr. Hanbury should have mixed himself up in this business we do not pretend to know—unless it be that no wiser man was willing to meddle with it. The editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, however, stands on a different footing from the Member for Preston. He hunts after mares' nests with the keenness of a dog searching for truffles; and he has had his reward in discovering some very remarkable specimens. In this particular case an old quarrel between an inventor and the War Office was seized upon by our ingenuous contemporary as though it were an unprecedented incident in the history of the Government and its relations with men of genius. The inventor had a grievance. He laboured under the idea that his brains had been picked by certain eminent public officials. There is no more common belief than this in the minds of unsuccessful applicants for Government patronage. Where there is any kind of foundation for it the question is one that can always be settled in a court of law; and it is in this fashion, we are glad to see, that Mr.

Nobel's grievance against Sir Frederick Abel is to be dealt with. But nothing can be more unjustifiable than the attempt to prejudice the public against Government servants by the kind of attacks which have been made upon Sir Frederick Abel and others, first in the *Pall Mall Gazette* and subsequently in the House of Commons. In the latter place, the assailant of Sir Frederick had to withdraw that which, after all, was the only serious charge made against him—the charge of having acted dishonourably. It would be well if the newspaper which originated the profitless discussion were to take the same course. Questions affecting the honour and good faith of our public servants are matters of sufficient importance to deserve discussion in the Press; but when the point at issue has nothing to do with the honour and good faith of public men, and sinks into a mere squabble over a patent, it is one with which the law courts alone are competent to deal. It was only because the *Pall Mall Gazette* appeared to bring a charge of the gravest character against Sir Frederick Abel that anybody paid attention to its articles on "the Cordite scandal." Now that we know that there is no scandal, and no charge of dishonourable conduct involved in the business, the conclusion is irresistible that our contemporary has simply found another mare's nest.

The other matter, partaking of the same character, discussed on Monday evening was the appointment of the Duke of Connaught to the command at Aldershot. Here we are sorry to find ourselves at issue not only with some Radical members, but with no inconsiderable portion of the Liberal press. Yet here also the conclusion is irresistible that a mare's nest has been discovered. The Duke of Connaught, who happens to be the senior officer available for the post (with the exception of two officers whose age practically bars their appointment), has received the coveted command at Aldershot. Thereupon a mighty hue and cry is raised against the Secretary for War—first, because the officer thus promoted is a son of the Sovereign; and, secondly, because—as it is alleged—a better man in the person of Lord Roberts wished to secure the post for himself. We strongly suspect that it was the latter reason which in the first instance led to the outcry against the Duke of Connaught's appointment. Lord Roberts is a fine soldier, who has done excellent work in India, and who would undoubtedly hold a very important post in the field if by any chance this country were to be involved in a great war. But, like another eminent living general, he is a conspicuous example of the advantages of "good luck." As Mr. Campbell-Bannerman said on Monday, he has not only had many opportunities of distinguishing himself, but he has succeeded in turning them to the best advantage. It is only natural in these circumstances that he should have attracted to himself an enthusiastic and rather noisy *claque*, who are never tired not only of sounding his praises but of pushing his fame and claims upon the public. In their eyes it is sufficient that Lord Roberts wants a thing in order that he should have it. They believed that he wanted Aldershot, and accordingly they demanded it for him, not as a matter of favour, but a matter of right. The Secretary for War has, however, other things to think of besides the undoubtedly strong claims of Lord Roberts. He could not disarrange the whole system of promotion in the upper ranks of the army by giving the ex-Commander-in-Chief in India a post which was of inferior rank, and to which consequently men who had not risen so high as he has done were entitled to aspire. "Other work in other times" will doubtless be found for Lord Roberts. It would have been absurd to send him to do drill-sergeant's work at Aldershot; and it would besides have been an injustice to many other persons besides the Duke of Connaught.

As to that objection to the Duke's appointment which is based upon the fact that he is a son of the

Sovereign, we confess that we utterly fail to sympathise with it. Nor can we admit that it is any part of the Radical creed to hold the children of the Queen to be *ipso facto* unfit for the public service. If the Duke of Connaught is—as the universal testimony of the army seems to prove—fit to hold the position to which he has just been promoted, it would have been the height of unfairness to pass him over. It is true, we admit, that he would not have been in a position to aspire to this command if he had not been one of the Queen's children. But that is a point upon which it is useless to dwell. Every man living would have been in a different position from that in which he is if his parentage had not been what it was. We cannot blame the Duke because he was born at Buckingham Palace, had the greatest of English military heroes for his godfather, and was dedicated to the army from his cradle. So long as a monarchy is maintained in England, the monarch's children will of necessity enjoy—and, we venture to say, rightly enjoy—certain peculiar advantages. All that we are entitled to demand of our rulers is that these advantages shall not be conferred on princes to the manifest detriment of humbler persons, and that the public advantage shall be consulted as well as that of any individual, however illustrious his birth may be. In the case of the Aldershot command and the appointment of the Duke of Connaught, it is clear that Mr. Campbell-Bannerman conformed to both these just and necessary demands; and that being the case, we really fail to see why anybody should pretend to have discovered a job in a perfectly legitimate exercise of patronage.

A STUDY IN SALISBURY.

LORD SALISBURY is a very brilliant speaker, as everybody knows; somewhat given to slips of the tongue, it is true, which are occasionally blazingly indiscreet, but yet, when he has a clear policy and a good case, capable of expressing himself in the main with singular pungency and force, and in a manner worthy of a statesman of the first rank, one who has been twice Prime Minister of England, and is at present the chief of the great Conservative party. Bearing this in mind, students of politics turned with more interest than usual to his speech in the Lords on the throwing-out of the Home Rule Bill. It was an occasion of extraordinary and unique importance, a turning-point in history, and Lord Salisbury, who was practically the leader and master of the situation, might be expected to be at his best. Had he had a good case and a clear policy—had he, for instance, instead of speaking against a Gladstonian Home Rule Bill, sent from the House of Commons by a Liberal majority, been moving the second reading of a Home Rule Bill of his own, a good Protectionist measure like the Bill agreed on between Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Parnell, there is little doubt he would have surpassed himself and delivered a speech which history would delight to remember. As it was, the speech he delivered is not less interesting to the political student. It is a striking instance of the bewildering conflicts and obfuscations of lights which in this strange period are presented by many of the leading pharos along our political coasts.

We will suppose a conscientious voter with an open mind studying for his guidance Lord Salisbury's utterance, and endeavouring to ascertain from it the principles he would apply to the solution of this tremendous and age-long Irish problem. There is one principle, to begin with, he will have little difficulty in detaching. It leaps out upon him from the outset, and is unmistakably the master-principle of the discourse. The Irish are alluded to as "foreigners," as "enemies," as "those who hate you," who "detest you," who are "hostile," as people "who wish nothing so much as our undoing," as "a race of people that for centuries has hated you and longed

to obtain your life-blood." We know already that Lord Salisbury considers the Irish an inferior race, comparable to "blackmen" like the Hottentots. Here, then, is a definite standpoint from which the discovery of a policy should be a simple matter. The Irish are an inferior race, implacably, blood-thirstily hostile to England. Surely if this be so, there is only one way with them: treat them as such. We hold down inferior and hostile races by the sword. We trust them with nothing, for they are not fit to be trusted; we do not consider their will, for their will is inimical to ours. We govern them, not by consent, but by force. The clear deduction is that you must govern Ireland as a Crown Colony; all the better if you can stamp the Irish out, as you would the Matabele or the Zulus. This is the alternative which Mr. Parnell was fond of insisting was the only one to Home Rule. It is unmistakably the alternative nearest to Lord Salisbury's heart; it is the Irish policy of his Elizabethan ancestors. So far as wishing goes, he is frankly prepared to apply it, and to face the contradiction it involves to modern and democratic ideas. There happens to be a small minority in Ireland, one-sixth of the population (Lord Salisbury calls them two-fifths), whom Lord Salisbury wishes to treat as a superior and privileged caste, like the English in India. We are to please these at the expense of the discontent of the majority.

"I am told (he says) that the first object of government is the satisfaction and contentment of the governed. That is a fine copy-book formula, but, like all copy-book formulas, it requires to be corrected in accordance with particular circumstances. . . . My first objection to this valuable formula is that it is physically incapable of being applied to the case of Ireland. I will defy you to devise any system of government that shall be in the true and literal sense to the satisfaction of the governed, for three-fifths of the governed will like it, and two-fifths of the governed will detest it. It is an absurdity, because it is impossible. The mere existence of the Loyalist minority—the mere existence of Ulster—would condemn that copy-book formula, and make it impossible of application to Ireland."

This at least is lucid. The voter looking for guidance can be in no obscurity here. In order to maintain a minority in Ireland in their position of ascendancy, he is recommended to force upon the majority of the nation a method of government which they detest. Ireland being a peculiar place, the principles and copy-book maxims of constitutional government must be reversed in her case, and the pyramid balanced on its smaller end. For our own part, if we took the view of the incurable viciousness and hostility of the Irish race that Lord Salisbury does, we admit there would be a good deal to say for this policy, and the prospect of eighty of these foreigners coming over here as members of Parliament to interfere in British affairs would be just as inconceivable and intolerable as Lord Salisbury depicts.

Now, if Lord Salisbury held firm to this Crown Colony alternative, he would be giving forth a clear light, and voters who steered by it would at least see where they were going. But he suddenly betinks him that he is living, not in the Elizabethan but in the Victorian age—an age of "representative government," when statesmen have to obtain the approval of the nation at large for their policies, and even to humour the prepossessions of the commonalty in order to reach to power. In endeavouring to suit himself to this state of affairs Lord Salisbury's troubles and confusions begin. Here he reaches the great Serbonian bog of Coercionist statesmen, "Betwixt Damiana and Mount Casius old, Where armies whole have sunk." It is little wonder he has a spite against representative institutions. He sees that as things are he cannot treat Ireland as an integral part of the United Kingdom and at the same time deny her a share in our representative institutions. To govern Ireland with the strong hand, he now flatly says, is "impossible"; "the date is past for that; it might have been done a century or two before," but not now. Thus comes the Crown Colony policy down with a crash!

But if Ireland is to enjoy representative institutions she must at least get them "with a corrective." "Representative institutions, if they are applied without a corrective, are the most dangerous curse that can be inflicted upon such a community." And what is his corrective? "The only possible corrective" is to fuse these conflicting Irish parties "in the ranks of a larger community where their peculiar subject of controversy was unknown, and where therefore, in a common assembly, the issues that were raised upon them could be impartially and equitably judged." In other words, Lord Salisbury's "corrective" is the very calamity which he elsewhere declares to be so intolerable—that of importing into the British Parliament eighty Irish "foreigners" with the privilege of voting on British affairs and turning out and putting in British Ministries. It is the privilege they now enjoy. But, according to Mr. Gladstone's plan, these "foreigners" would conceivably have reason to be friendly and contented; according to Lord Salisbury's, they are to be treated as enemies, with corresponding disregard, distrust, and active hostility.

At this point we might leave the conscientious voter to spell his way out of this confusion. But Lord Salisbury would sink him deeper and deeper, for he finds he has to account for ninety-three years of Irish history during which his later plan has been palpably a failure. Economically he accounts for the breakdown of Ireland by Free Trade—a specific for which, we know, he has as little liking as he has for representative government. Free Trade, he says, has hit Ireland hard. We are to assume, then, that he would include amongst his cures for her a measure of Protection. This may seem a far-fetched assumption, but it will not seem anything of the kind on a consideration of some of Lord Salisbury's expressed views as to remedies for Ireland's social mischiefs. These "South Irish," this inferior race who are to be kept underfoot, these enemies thirsting for your blood, these creatures of Archbishop Walsh—what does he propose to do with them? Endow their religion! Archbishop Walsh and his intentions, temporal and spiritual, appear to be Lord Salisbury's chief *bête noir*. "Twere, sure, a sweet revenge, a masterly composition with the horror, to give the Archbishop all he wants, and invite him to a seat in the House of Lords! Lord Salisbury's words on this point are truly memorable:—

"If Mr. Pitt could have repealed the Catholic disabilities, if he could have endowed the Roman Catholic priesthood, if he could have abolished or commuted the tithe in Ireland, I have no doubt that all the troubles which have haunted the connection between England and Ireland would have been a mere matter of imagination and never passed into history. . . . The first, the essential step, was not taken till '29; the next step, the commutation of tithe, was not taken till '35; the last step was taken in a manner which, to my mind, was the worst manner, and was not the manner intended by Mr. Pitt—I mean, the establishment of equality between Catholics and Protestants. It was not taken in the manner intended by Mr. Pitt, but by that time the Liberal party had passed under the control of one of its most pitiless and exacting masters—the Nonconformist conscience. I heartily wish concurrent endowment could have been adopted, but it was too late. But, at all events, badly or wisely, the full scheme which Mr. Pitt had in view was not carried out till 1870."

This passage may fairly be described as a perfect Salisburyism. It is one of those specimens, containing all the peculiarities of a species well-marked, in which the true student revels. It might be considered from various points of view—from that of the bench of bishops, for example, who so narrowly escaped having Archbishops Walsh and Croke as colleagues, with Cardinal Logue perhaps as a Prince of the Church to take precedence of them all; from that of the Church of Ireland, which now learns that when Parliament was disendowing the Protestant religion in Ireland the only regret of the present head of the Tory party was that it did not proceed to endow the Roman Catholic religion in its stead; from that of "the Loyal minority," who find that Lord Salisbury contemplates making them pay tithes to the Catholic priesthood; from that of the common

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Over the sheep-nibbled turf, over the ancient furrows, floats the clear song of the larks from the sun-rayed sky: it has risen round these old grey manor-houses and timbered farmhouses in the ears of men whose ancestors fashioned the stones of the great cathedral rising dim beyond the cleft of yonder hills, whose fathers reared, each man his

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What is the secret of the spell which this veteran still exercises? At seventy-one he can charm us with a repertory which has scarcely been recruited this quarter of a century. Every season brings its twittering brood of new ballads, and, having heard them once, we never wish to suffer their inanity again. The average tenor of our acquaintance is full of the airs and graces of light opera. His voice is usually very small and his person often large. Physiologists have not told us why he runs to fat; perhaps it is Nature's revenge for the inarticulate warbling of meaningless twaddle. There is nothing more grotesque than the spectacle of a stout gentleman, with a pudgy hand on an incontinently developed chest, pouring out sentiment which is unintelligible without the aid of a book of the words. It is well for the average tenor if he is a pretty young man, a sort of graceful automaton which squeaks its spoken words, and strikes a mechanical attitude when the conductor lifts his baton for the prelude to the song. The aim of this art is to thrill you with a high note which is about as human as if it were emitted from an artificial apparatus. This tradition afflicts the amateur tenor, who

to obtain your life-blood." We know already that Lord Salisbury considers the Irish an inferior race, comparable to "blackmen" like the Hottentots. Here, then, is a definite standpoint from which the discovery of a policy should be a simple matter. The Irish are an inferior race, implacably, blood-thirstily hostile to England. Surely if this be so, there is only one way with them: treat them as such. We hold down inferior and hostile races by the sword. We trust them with nothing, for they are not fit to be trusted; we do not consider their will, for their will is inimical to ours. We govern them, not by consent, but by force. The clear deduction is that you must govern Ireland as a Crown Colony; all the better if you can stamp the Irish out, as you would the Matabele or the Zulus. This is the alternative which Mr. Parnell was fond of insisting was the only one to Home Rule. It is unmistakably the alternative nearest to Lord Salisbury's heart; it is the Irish policy of his Elizabethan ancestors. So far as wishing goes, he is frankly prepared to apply it, and to face the contradiction it involves to modern and democratic ideas. There happens to be a small minority in Ireland, one-sixth of the population (Lord Salisbury calls them two-fifths), whom Lord Salisbury wishes to treat as a superior and privileged caste, like the English in India. We are to please these at the expense of the discontent of the majority.

"I am told (he says) that the first object of government is the satisfaction and contentment of the governed. That is a fine copy-book formula, but, like all copy-book formulas, it requires to be corrected in accordance with particular circumstances. . . . My first objection to this valuable formula is that it is physically incapable of being applied to the case of Ireland. I will defy you to devise any system of government that shall be in the true and literal sense to the satisfaction of the governed, for three-fifths of the governed will like it, and two-fifths of the governed will detest it. It is an absurdity, because it is impossible. The mere existence of the Loyalist minority—the mere existence of Ulster—would condemn that copy-book formula, and make it impossible of application to Ireland."

This at least is lucid. The voter looking for guidance can be in no obscurity here. In order to maintain a minority in Ireland in their position of ascendancy, he is recommended to force upon the majority of the nation a method of government which they detest. Ireland being a peculiar place, the principles and copy-book maxims of constitutional government must be reversed in her case, and the pyramid balanced on its smaller end. For our own part, if we took the view of the incurable viciousness and hostility of the Irish race that Lord Salisbury does, we admit there would be a good deal to say for this policy, and the prospect of eighty of these foreigners coming over here as members of Parliament to interfere in British affairs would be just as inconceivable and intolerable as Lord Salisbury depicts.

Now, if Lord Salisbury held firm to this Crown Colony alternative, he would be giving forth a clear light, and voters who steered by it would at least see where they were going. But he suddenly betinks him that he is living, not in the Elizabethan but in the Victorian age—an age of "representative government," when statesmen have to obtain the approval of the nation at large for their policies, and even to humour the prepossessions of the commonalty in order to reach to power. In endeavouring to suit himself to this state of affairs Lord Salisbury's troubles and confusions begin. Here he reaches the great Serbonian bog of Coercionist statesmen, "Betwixt Damiana and Mount Casius old, Where armies whole have sunk." It is little wonder he has a spite against representative institutions. He sees that as things are he cannot treat Ireland as an integral part of the United Kingdom and at the same time deny her a share in our representative institutions. To govern Ireland with the strong hand, he now flatly says, is "impossible"; "the date is past for that; it might have been done a century or two before," but not now. Thus comes the Crown Colony policy down with a crash!

But if Ireland is to enjoy representative institutions she must at least get them "with a corrective." "Representative institutions, if they are applied without a corrective, are the most dangerous curse that can be inflicted upon such a community." And what is his corrective? "The only possible corrective" is to fuse these conflicting Irish parties "in the ranks of a larger community where their peculiar subject of controversy was unknown, and where therefore, in a common assembly, the issues that were raised upon them could be impartially and equitably judged." In other words, Lord Salisbury's "corrective" is the very calamity which he elsewhere declares to be so intolerable—that of importing into the British Parliament eighty Irish "foreigners" with the privilege of voting on British affairs and turning out and putting in British Ministries. It is the privilege they now enjoy. But, according to Mr. Gladstone's plan, these "foreigners" would conceivably have reason to be friendly and contented; according to Lord Salisbury's, they are to be treated as enemies, with corresponding disregard, distrust, and active hostility.

At this point we might leave the conscientious voter to spell his way out of this confusion. But Lord Salisbury would sink him deeper and deeper, for he finds he has to account for ninety-three years of Irish history during which his later plan has been palpably a failure. Economically he accounts for the breakdown of Ireland by Free Trade—a specific for which, we know, he has as little liking as he has for representative government. Free Trade, he says, has hit Ireland hard. We are to assume, then, that he would include amongst his cures for her a measure of Protection. This may seem a far-fetched assumption, but it will not seem anything of the kind on a consideration of some of Lord Salisbury's expressed views as to remedies for Ireland's social mischiefs. These "South Irish," this inferior race who are to be kept underfoot, these enemies thirsting for your blood, these creatures of Archbishop Walsh—what does he propose to do with them? Endow their religion! Archbishop Walsh and his intentions, temporal and spiritual, appear to be Lord Salisbury's chief *bête noir*. 'Twere, sure, a sweet revenge, a masterly composition with the horror, to give the Archbishop all he wants, and invite him to a seat in the House of Lords! Lord Salisbury's words on this point are truly memorable:—

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sings ballads of despair with uplifted eyes, and a vibrato designed to stir the heartstrings of simple maidens. It is not such a voice nor such a style which has given Sims Reeves an incomparable hold upon the popular imagination for forty years. To hear him sing is like listening to a masterpiece of eloquence. Here is no effeminate affectation, but a sincerity and breadth which make the voice a great instrument of feeling and expression, not a mere reed for idle piping. His elocution, so exquisitely modulated, has all the effect of a combination of song and oratory. There are some English ballads in which, when his voice was in the fulness of its powers, Sims Reeves could sway a multitude by splendid declamation or the simplest grace. Who could hear "The Bay of Biscay," and not be carried away by the pure joy of the line—

"A sail, a sail, a sail!"

and by the chorus of exultant deliverance—

"As we sail, with the gale,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!"

Could the drama of shipwreck and rescue be more vividly unfolded to the fancy, or hold your sympathies in a closer grip? Then what man of middle age can recall without emotion the first time he heard the great tenor in one of the sweetest of love songs? It would be thought hopelessly old-fashioned now to favour the company in the drawing-room with anything so antiquated as "My Pretty Jane." There would be cries of derision at the bare suggestion, and the amateur would proceed to thrill his listeners with a woful new ballad which might convince Tolstoi that music after all is only a harmless vacuum. But some of us still feel the enchantment with which Sims Reeves used to phrase the appeal—

"O name the day, the wedding day,
And I will buy the ring!"

How many a timid lover has had his wishes gratified by the persuasive simplicity of that petition? It would not surprise us to learn that Mr. Sims Reeves has been a more successful match-maker in his time than the wildest of mothers.

It says much for the individuality of this great artist that, although his method has been imitated by many, no English singer has attained his distinction. Some incommunicable quality has made him easily supreme, so that even in his old age he can produce upon a generation which never heard him in his heyday an effect which is not to be paralleled. The volume of the voice is gone, but the soul remains, and soul in a tenor prompts the profane remark of the poet about flies in amber. It is possible that after another farewell Sims Reeves may be singing at eighty, or even at the age when the greatest of his contemporaries is still able to lead a party and govern an Empire.

AUTUMN MUSIC.

IT was said last autumn, when the usual series of Promenade Concerts was not given, that entertainments composed exclusively of music could no longer attract a public demoralised beyond hope by music-halls. The success of the popular orchestral concerts now taking place every night at Covent Garden demonstrates the absolute groundlessness of this view. Music of the most artistic kind—classical, or destined to be ranked as classical in due time—is presented in the first part of the programme; the second part being made up of music of a lighter kind, and, for the most part, of dance music. Instead of being offered in fragments, as was formerly the custom, symphonies and concertos by the great masters are given entire; no one movement of the regulation four, or of the regulation three, being left

out. The orchestra is excellent, and it is conducted by one of our first composers—Mr. F. H. Cowen, who, apart from his creative talent, possesses special faculties as a music-director.

Among the vocalists some of the most popular of the day have been engaged; and last Monday the famous English tenor, emerging from a retirement which had at last got to be looked upon as final, reappeared at the Covent Garden Concerts. It was difficult to realise the fact that the singer who now raised the enthusiasm of an immense audience had performed this (to him) familiar feat so far back as the year 1835. Juvenile prodigies are everywhere to be met with. But such a senile prodigy as Mr. Sims Reeves was never before heard of.

Sir Augustus Harris seems to have a particular taste for the characters of the old Italian comedy; and at the Palace Theatre may now be seen a burlesque of *I Pagliacci*, and a direct representation of *Scaramouche*—a "ballet-pantomime" with charming music by M. Messager, composer of *La Basoche*. The four essential characters of Italian pantomime are, of course (to give them their English names), Harlequin and Columbine, Clown and Pantaloon. But in some Italian cities "Pagliaccio," and in others "Scaramuccia," was added; and these, when Italian actors introduced comedy into France, became "Paillasse," supposed by fantastic etymologists to be so called from the pattern of his garment, striped like the covering of a straw mattress; and "Scaramouche," whose name may possibly be derived from the first two syllables of *scarabée*, with *mouche* added. The traditional costume of this "beetle-fly" is black, as that of the French "Pierrot" is white; and "Scaramuccia" is said to have been intended originally as a caricature of the haughty Spaniard in his black robes at the time when Naples was under Spanish dominion.

The character of Scaramouche was introduced into France by a famous Italian actor, who in time became known by the name of the personage he habitually represented. Pantomimic actors, constantly exercising their limbs, live, as a rule, to a great age; and the original French Scaramouche did not quit the stage until he was eighty-three years old. Then, undeterred by the connubial misfortunes he had so often witnessed of Pantaloon and of Cassandre, he took to himself a wife; after which stage history makes no mention of him except to record the fact that he was not happy.

Neither is the Scaramouche of the Palace Theatre happy. Having pressed his attentions upon Columbine, who will have nothing to say to him—being already betrothed to the insipid Gilles and in love with the delightful Harlequin—he invokes the gods of pantomime, and, after the manner of Faust, barters away his immortal soul for power to gain possession of the woman he loves. The Sword of Strength and the Mask of Cunning are conferred upon him; and if with these endowments he cannot overcome the reluctance of Columbine, he will at a given time be utterly destroyed. In the end he is carried away like Faust in the old legend. Columbine, on her side, becomes the wife of Gilles, a sort of youthful Pantaloon imposed upon her by parental tyranny; while Harlequin has to content himself with the undignified part of *cicisbeo*. Such, however, in the eighteenth century, and even in Byron's time, was one of the accepted marriage customs of Italy; and Columbine is the central figure in a pantomime which is nothing if not Italian.

Two or three different authors took part in the preparation of the little piece, which is acted and danced in all possible perfection. The dresses are simple, but picturesque; the scenery is in harmony with the subject; and the work has been produced with every possible attention to beauty and accuracy of detail.

Opéra-bouffe, since its first invention by Offenbach, has moved in a continual descent, until now one is glad to go back from the inanities of these latter days, which have caused the closing of

so many theatres, to the time of Offenbach's immediate successors, with Audran among them. Without being so clever or so tuneful a work as the *Grand Duchess of Gerolstein* or *La Belle Hélène*, *La Mascotte* is incomparably superior to the class of pieces on which, until quite lately, the Lyric, the Shaftesbury, the Prince of Wales's, and the Trafalgar depended. In the leading part Miss Florence St. John sings with expression and taste; while in a subsidiary character Miss Phyllis Broughton, both as actress and as dancer, is thoroughly charming. If what M. Saint-Saëns calls "la musiquette" cannot be absolutely excluded in favour of music, it can be sung with enough feeling and point to render it at least tolerable; and *La Mascotte*, as now represented at the Gaiety theatre, is more than tolerable. It is lively, agreeable, and, up to a certain point, artistic.

THE DRAMA.

"THE OTHER FELLOW."

THE three-act farce, *The Other Fellow*, with which the Court Theatre has reopened its doors for the autumn season, is a translation, not an adaptation, of *Champignol Malgré Lui*. Though the principle of giving a literal instead of a garbled version of foreign originals is excellent, and soon, I trust, to become the settled custom of our stage, its present application is scarcely of the happiest. It was obviously impossible to transfer the details of French camp life and military law in which the farce abounds to English surroundings; on the other hand, these details are not well understood in this country, and much of the satire which they involve is lost. On the whole, *Champignol Malgré Lui* in English is a distinct disappointment. Perhaps expectation had been unduly raised by the rapturous enthusiasm of M. Sarcy and others of his Parisian colleagues who have *le rire facile*. Even the famous scene of the thrice-cropped poll is not so droll as one had hoped. Clearly the fault does not rest with the translator, Mr. Fred Horner. It is rather in the nature of things; French fun is almost as difficult to render exactly into English as Tacitus or Heine.

The Vicomte de St. Fontaine, caught in a *tête-à-tête* with an old flame—Mme. Champignol—has to give himself out to the lady's cousins (who have not yet met the real Champignol) as her husband, and an untoward train of circumstances compels him to keep up the deception: the cousins unexpectedly visit Mme. Champignol when St. Fontaine is present, a new maid-servant enters just as a kiss passes between the pair, and so forth. The real Champignol is a fashionable portrait-painter, and St. Fontaine, who does not know a palette from an easel, finds himself compelled to produce impromptu specimens of his artistic powers, with astonishing results. Ultimately he is arrested by the police, and carried off to camp at Clermont for an annual term of service in the Reserves—due, of course, from the real Champignol. Meanwhile the latter, ignorant of all that has passed, joins his regiment, so that there are two Richmonds in the field. The expert in the ways of farce will easily guess what follows. The true and the false Champignols, between them, are always committing some breach of discipline; and whatever delinquencies the one is guilty of, it is the other who suffers the punishment. Champignol talks in the ranks—and St. Fontaine goes to the cells. St. Fontaine's hair is too long—and Champignol goes to the barber. He goes thrice, emerging the third time with a crown clean-shaven. This is a funny idea, but hardly works out well at the Court, owing, I fancy, to clumsy stage-management. Another promising incident in the camp-scene, the meeting of the true and the false Champignols, each on sentry-duty, wherein St. Fontaine confides the details of his escapade with Madame to Madame's own husband, is marred by rough-and-tumble tomfoolery. In the

end, Champignol, discovering the truth, turns the tables on his personator by insisting that St. Fontaine's name is really Champignol; St. Fontaine dares not deny it, and is sent back to camp to finish the period of drill which the real Champignol owes.

Mr. Charles Groves and Mr. Weedon Grossmith as the true and the false Champignols, Mr. Brookfield and Mr. De Lange as a martinet captain and colonel, and Mr. R. Nainsby as a comic "sous-off." are all fairly amusing. As Mme. Champignol Miss Aida Jenoure makes her first appearance as a comedy-actress, and gives some signs of talent in that line; but her part is too slight to afford ground for anything more than conjecture. Miss Ellaline Terriss and Miss Pattie Brown are two pretty ladies who have next to nothing to do.

A. B. W.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—II.

THE greatness of Ingres was never, not even in his lifetime, very seriously contested, but his greatness was obscured by the magnificent fashion of Delacroix. That Delacroix was a great painter there can be no question, but is he so incontestably for all time as Ingres? But now Delacroix's name is hardly mentioned among artists; Ingres is the constant theme of studio conversation. Even men whose dream is colour, quality of paint, atmospheric effect, cannot refrain; they must talk of him. He is openly compared to Raphael, and in a whisper someone says that he has learnt a great deal more from Ingres' drawing than he ever did from Raphael's. I deprecate comparison with the great masters, and have nothing but reproof for those who go to Dresden and, not finding the blue curtains on either side of the Virgin entirely to their taste, write disparagingly of Raphael to the papers. The masters are our masters, and before them we should bow our heads and worship humbly. Feel we must, however, that Ingres is the one modern who can meet the ancients on their own ground. Raphael was a great designer, but there are a purity and a passion in Ingres' line for the like of which we have to go back to the Greeks. Apelles could not have realised more exquisite simplifications, could not have dreamed into any of his lost works a purer soul of beauty than Ingres did into the head, arms, and torso of the "Source." The line that floats about the muscles of an arm is illusive, evanescent, as an evening-tinted sky; and none except the Greeks and Ingres have attained such mystery of line—not Raphael, not even Michael Angelo in the romantic anatomies of his stupendous creations. There is as much mystery in Ingres' line as in Rembrandt's light and shade. The arms and wrists and hands of the lady seated among the blue cushions in the Louvre are as illusive as any one of Mr. Whistler's "Nocturnes." The beautiful "Andromeda," head and throat leaned back almost out of nature, wild eyes and mass of heavy hair, long white arms uplifted, chained to the basalt, how rare the simplifications—those arms, that body—the straight flanks and slender leg advancing, are made of lines simple and beautiful as those which in the Venus of Milo realise the architectural beauty of woman. Comparison with the Venus is meretricious, but necessity forces us to the perilous brink; we shrink from such comparison, for perforce we see that the grandeur of the Venus is not in the Andromeda: but in both is the same quality of beauty. In the drawing for the odalisque, in her long back, wonderful as a stem of woodbine, there is the very same love of form which a Greek expressed with the benign ease of a god speaking his creation through the harmonious universe.

But the pure, unconscious love of form, inherited from the Greeks, sometimes burned to passion in Ingres. Not in "La Source"—she is wholly Greek—

but in the beautiful sinuous back of the odalisque we perceive some of the exasperation of nerves which betrays our century. True that this is a sketch; it is like looking through a keyhole at a man when he is dressing. If Phidias' sketches had come down to us, the margin filled with his hesitations, we should know more of his intimate personality. You notice, my dear reader, how intolerant I am of criticism of my idol, how I repudiate any slight suggestion of imperfection, how I turn upon myself and defend my god. I often smile when, before going to bed, candle in hand, I stand before the Roman lady and enumerate the adorable perfections of the drawing. I am aware of my weakness, I have pleaded guilty to an idolatrous worship, but, if I have expressed myself as I intended, my great love will seem neither vain nor unreasonable. For surely for quality of beautiful line this man stands nearer to the Greeks than any other. This is certain, and it is important that all interested in art should realise this truth. But our National Gallery does not possess a single example of this master's incomparable skill, nor has the slightest effort been made to obtain one; and if the very finest were in the market, Sir Frederick Burton would certainly pass it by.

Although the acquisition of some three or four Ingres should be the first thought of the new Director, he should remember that to do so is only part of his mission, which is to form a collection of the great French school of the nineteenth century. I chose to speak of Ingres at great length, because my great love would enable me to best plead the cause of the French School of which Ingres is the threshold and the altar. When the threshold has been passed and the altar raised, the rest of the school will follow as a matter of course. After Ingres comes Corot: Ingres a fixed star, Corot a moon of gentle delight and happy aspiration. At least three works by Corot will be required, and if we were to buy half a dozen the money could hardly be better expended. Delacroix chills me as Ingres fires me with personal passion, but I admit the necessity of possessing a fine example of his turbulent, not to say disordered, palette. Troyon, sane and manly even to the verge of commonplace, vigorous even when he is most hollow, comes, I think, next on the list. There was exhibited in London a few years ago a fine picture by him called "La Vallée de la Tonques," in a way, it seemed to me, more interesting than the somewhat hollow vastness of his "Oxen going to Work." The price asked was, however, absurd—£10,000. The great prices that Troyon fetches are surely difficult to explain. Great painter though he was, he missed the intensity which we find in Courbet, and it would be unpardonable to hesitate even for a moment between the "Stone-breakers" and the "Oxen going to Work." I have not seen the "Stone-breakers" for ten years; memory is treacherous, but that is the impression left upon my mind. Rousseau was a painter of incomparable genius. I saw a lovely picture by him in the Dutch Gallery in Brook Street—a moonlight-flooded sky rising behind great bunches of trees which fill a river with deepest shadow. Almost lost in the shadow some children are bathing, and this romance of light and shade is expressed with such poignant fulness that the brain is taken with spiritual intoxication. The price of this picture was £1,000. Millet?—two or three pictures by him are indispensable. The Louvre possesses the incomparable "Gleaners." The "Angelus" is insipid, almost vulgar, and not worth a quarter of the money that is constantly being paid for it. Did Millet execute in oils the adorable drawing of the little shepherdess who has drawn off her clothes, and sits on the bank, one foot stretched out to the water? There is "The Rainbow" and "The Death of the Pig"—but it is impossible to recall all an artist's work at a moment's notice. Daubigny, like Delacroix, has never appealed to my sympathies to any large extent. I am not stirred with

desire to argue the point, and should have no word to say if he were included or excluded. I should, however, be very wroth if money were spent on that commonplace creature Jules Breton. Manet would, of course, have to be bought—"L'Enfant à l'épée," the portrait of Madame Morisot, or, if an example in his latest style were desired, which is not probable, "Le Linge" or "Yachting at Argenteuil." I do not speak of Degas, Chavannes, or Vollon. They are all that still live in the flesh of the great artistic movement of 1830; and the rule of the National Gallery should be not to buy or accept work for a considerable time after the artist's death.

I have pointed out elsewhere that the French artistic epoch is not in the seventeenth nor the eighteenth century, but in the nineteenth. The sudden outburst of genius that came between 1787 and 1833, the twenty or more great painters born in those forty-six years, constitute the fifth great European artistic epoch. Of this there can be no longer the slightest doubt; to affect to ignore the richness and the greatness of this school any longer were the stupidest pedantry. Almost as well might a director of the National Gallery say that he chose to ignore the seventeenth century in Holland and collect only early Italians. But I would not be understood to mean by this any criticism of Sir Frederick Burton because he bought none of these masters. They were of his own time, and it is not the mission of the National Gallery to collect contemporary art. But the place of Ingres in the history of art is as secure as that of Raphael. There can be no more doubt about Corot than about Turner. The others, those I have named and some I have not named, may be classed among the reputations that time has established, and about which it would not be wise to argue further. The question therefore arises—Shall the new director of the National Gallery walk in the footsteps of Sir Frederick Burton, duplicating the present collection, or shall he strike off at right angles, and collect on the lines which I have sketched out?

G. M.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

LONDON AND THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BILL.

SIR,—You say that what you call the "Parish Councils Bill"—that is, the "Local Government (England and Wales) Bill," of which but the lesser part concerns Parish Councils—"will give to London householders . . . a control which they have heretofore only enjoyed over the County Council and the School Board. The rates administered by the smaller bodies are, on the average, three times as great as the County Council rate. . . . The Parish Councils Bill is, viewed only as a London Bill, far more important than the Local Government Act of 1888." It is clear that the writer assumes that the Local Government Bill abolishes the qualification of vestrymen, as in all but two of the London areas the Vestry is the body which possesses sole financial control. Had the Bill done so, what is said would have been true; but it does not, and in London the Vestry, or District Board, will remain untouched, and the overseers will continue to be nominated by the magistrates, although in every rural parish, however small, the parish will obtain the election of its own overseers. You may possibly remember that, writing for you, I put forward, before the Government came into power, a suggested programme for the first session, which could have included a short Bill to have abolished all qualifications and all plural votes in all parts of the country. It seems to me that powers might have been left till later, and, although I heartily support the Local Government Bill, yet I cannot but think that it would have been wiser to have first done that which was far simpler, and would, on the whole, have been even more important. The only application of the Bill to London concerns Boards of Guardians, and it is only in two London parishes, under local Acts, that the Boards of Guardians possess the control of the local finance. There are several Bills before the House which would have the effect of abolishing the qualification for Vestrymen, and I myself have introduced two Bills (which differ only in the way in which they deal with the franchise) to show in what brief terms every qualification and every form of plural vote might be swept away throughout the country, and every authority thrown open to those who have nothing but talent and willingness to serve the public.—I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

CHARLES W. DILKE.

76, Sloane Street, S.W., September 9th, 1893.

SIR F. MILNER AND THE TORY-PARNELLITE ALLIANCE.

SIR.—There is one statement in the letter of Sir F. Milner in your issue of the 2nd inst. to which I think some reply is necessary beyond your vigorous reassertion of the existence of a covert alliance between the Tory Party and the followers of Mr. Parnell immediately prior to the General Election of 1885. Sir F. Milner says:—"It must be perfectly well known to you that Lord Carnarvon explained in the House of Lords that his interview with Mr. Parnell was arranged entirely on his own responsibility and without the knowledge of his colleagues; and it is also perfectly well known that Lord Salisbury and the members of his Government disagreed altogether with Lord Carnarvon's views on the Irish Question." If Sir F. Milner, instead of challenging correspondence with his political opponents whenever his withers are wrung, would study the utterances of his own leaders, he would probably make fewer blunders. At all events, it "must be perfectly well known" to him that on July 11th last Mr. Balfour wrote to the *Times*, admitting that Lord Carnarvon communicated to Lord Salisbury a desire on the part of Mr. Parnell to "speak with him on certain matters relating to Ireland," and that the Tory Premier replied that Lord Carnarvon "must see him." Mr. Balfour expressed his "great regret" that a speech by him at Stockport on July 21st should have given the impression that Lord Carnarvon "acted on his own initiative alone." The further statement of the Member for Bassetlaw relative to the "well-known" disagreement of "Lord Salisbury and the members of his Government with Lord Carnarvon's views on the Irish Question" is delightfully naïve. As a matter of fact, the Newport speech, with its subtle references to a settlement of the Irish problem on Austro-Hungarian lines, supplies strong testimony to the contrary.

You speak of the tendency of the Tory Party at that "halcyon time" towards sweeping Irish reforms. Allow me to quote one interesting example. At a banquet given in December, 1885, in celebration of the return of Sir George Sitwell for Scarborough (largely through the instrumentality of the Irish vote) the newly elected member said:—"I believe that further coercion is impossible, and the control of the police and raising of volunteers cannot be much longer kept out of Nationalist hands." It may easily be imagined what not only Sir George Sitwell, but the Tory Party generally, would have said if any clause of the Home Rule Bill had empowered the Irish authority to raise an armed force.—Yours, etc.,

ERNEST R. DUNKLEY.

25, New Queen Street, Scarborough.

ADMIRAL MAXSE AND MR. MORLEY.

SIR.—You have discussed, or pretended to discuss, in this week's *SPEAKER* a paper of mine in the *National Review* entitled "Judas." In doing so you have resorted to the old trick of dressing up an opponent's view in a particularly odious form, and, while describing me as an "ignorant apologist," you take very good care that your readers shall not know one word of what I have really said.

I wish to challenge you in regard to one most offensive misrepresentation. You say I have depicted Mr. John Morley as a "heartless, intriguing, unscrupulous Machiavelli." My challenge is as follows:—If you can obtain the corroboration of this statement as a justifiable interpretation of any page or paragraph in my article by any two honourable men, one of whom shall be named by you and one by me, I am prepared to pay £100 towards the London School Board children's free dinner funds; half the amount to be distributed through any agency you may select, and half through an agency selected by me.

If you can make good your assertion and decline this challenge, the effect will be that several thousands of ill-fed children will be deprived of dinners. If, however, you decline the challenge because you perceive that you have indulged in an extravagant misrepresentation, you will, as an honourable editor, retreat and apologise.

I must correct another misstatement. I have not "claimed" to be an old friend of Mr. Morley. I have not brought the subject of our former relation into discussion at all. I merely deal with Mr. Morley as a public man, and denounce his mischievous course—as such. I have reason to be indignant with him, first because he broke up the party we both belonged to, and secondly because he has done his utmost to break up the United Kingdom and to destroy our position as a Great Power.

I notice your disclaimer of Mr. Morley's influence over Mr. Gladstone. The contradiction is plausible. It is not unlikely that Mr. Gladstone's first vague clutch at Home Rule was made before Mr. Morley's intimacy was established, but this was in full force during the incubation of the measure; and the salient features of the first Bill, especially that of the exclusion of the Irish members, were due to Mr. Morley's ascendancy.—Yours faithfully,

FREDK. A. MAXSE.

September 11th.

[We have not the slightest intention of entering into the controversy to which Admiral Maxse invites us. His article on

"Judas" is in print as well as our interpretation of his attack upon Mr. Morley. We never professed to quote his exact words, but we stated, with perfect accuracy and no desire to be unfair, the general impression made upon us by Admiral Maxse's description of Mr. Morley. If we erred in doing so, whilst we regret our mistake, we can only impute it to Admiral Maxse's over-exuberant style. The real point of our article of last week was the correction of Admiral Maxse's astounding misstatement regarding Mr. Morley's share in the "conversion" of Mr. Gladstone. Our correspondent would have done well either frankly to withdraw or, as far as possible, to substantiate this statement before raising a side-issue of minor importance. We may add that the last paragraph of Admiral Maxse's letter is just as misleading as his narrative in the *National Review*.—ED. SPEAKER.]

FACTS FROM THE CENSUS RETURNS.

SIR.—The English and the Scottish census returns prove, among other curious facts, these:—1. The number of Scottish people in England is 282,241, or 1 per cent. of the population. 2. The number of English people in Scotland is 111,972, or 2·6 per cent. of the population. 3. The number of Irish people in England is 458,315, or 1·5 per cent. of the population. 4. The number of Irish people in Scotland is 194,507, or 4·6 per cent. of the population.

In other words, Scotland has nearly three times as many Englishmen as England has Scotsmen, and has still more nearly three times as many Irishmen and Englishmen as England has Irishmen and Scotsmen. To this fact I draw attention, not because of the Englishman's sarcasm, which prompts him to say that Scotsmen never gang back (as if they ever went forward!), but because of his brazen impudence in coming here (as he has done in the person of that curious product of his, Lord Wolmer) to assure us that if we set up Home Rule (as we are going to do) we need not look for employment for our sons to him. Certainly we need not. If we retain at home the eight or ten millions a-year which we at present pay England, through contributing an unduly large share of the Imperial revenue, through accepting an unduly small share of the Imperial expenditure, and through allowing all our wealthy landowners to live in London and its neighbourhood, we need not look for employment for our sons outside our own country. But, in that case, what is to become of England and her sons in search of employment? Will Lord Wolmer kindly explain?—I am, etc.,

Edinburgh, September 7th, 1893.

J. EDENBERGEN.

RONDEAU.

GIVE to the world forgetfulness—to me
The living joy of strong, sweet memory:
Oblivion's calm be theirs, and mine the strain
Of wild unrest, the piteous, proud disdain
That scorneth self, the faith in the "to be."

I would not if I could be falsely free,
The dear dead days are mine, and his, and we
Are well content to love. What it calls gain
Give to the world.

Gain! what is gain? The hard-won victory,
Or slow defeat, through which we learn to see
And comprehend the strengthening power of pain.
Oblivion must be loss, remembrance gain;
We choose the past: the present, ere it flee,
Give to the world.

D. M. B.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE PURITAN AND WOMEN.

MY remarks upon Puritanism in general, and in particular upon Milton and his attitude towards women, have found a determined challenger. My opponent signs himself "Φ" (it is usually written "Fie!" among Puritans), and speaks with mingled sorrow and anger. His attack, however, does not seem to touch the heart of my case. He has made some pretty skirmishing around my position: but I invite attention to the points he has left unassailed.

Allowing " Φ 's" criticisms their full force, I find (1) that the savagery of the discipline inflicted by Milton upon the children entrusted to his care is neither denied nor defended. I am glad of this, for the matter is not pleasant to discuss; and pass on to (2) the case of Milton's first wife, Mary Powell. Of this case my adversary says that it "reflects much more on the wife than on the husband": and of this contention he must forgive me for saying that it is the most amazing I ever heard in my life. Its inventor can be no common man: even now, when the first flush of admiration has faded, I am half disposed to pay the extreme homage of silence to this superlative, this magnificent, resourcefulness. For conceive the situation. Milton, a man of thirty-five, marries a slip of a girl (seventeen was all her age), one of a large and merry country family; he takes her away from the laughter and open air, and coops her, in the spring of her life, within dark and dismal lodgings in the city. "She found it very solitary," says Aubrey; "no company came to see her: oftentimes heard his nephews beaten and cry." It is easy to say she had chosen her lot; she had made her bed and must lie on it, and so forth. But even if it be granted that she was a free party in the courtship (and I need not remind " Φ " that such a case was something less than usual in those days), will he contend that the matrimonial give-and-take should be exactly halved between a man of thirty-five and a girl of seventeen? Or will he contend that in this case the burden of forbearance was righteously shared? Think of that awful house, its hours of silence divided by the wails of two belaboured urchins. After all, " Φ " might allow for a little human nature, even in a girl. Women, of course, have commonly to undergo transplanting when they marry; but I think we may reasonably show a trifle of sympathy with one who drooped after such a transplantation as that.

The case, says my critic, "reflects much more on the wife than on the husband." Marry, as how? Because, if you please, "she left him; he did not leave her"! And since when (one may inquire) has it been fashionable for the oppressor to run away from the oppressed? Or, if the word "oppressor" be objected to, let me ask, Why in the sacred name of common sense should Milton want to run away? He was master of the house. He liked the dismal London life. Because it suited him, he had inflicted it on Mary Powell. To be home-sick while living in your own home is, I submit, to out-Gummidge Mrs. Gummidge. One hears occasionally of school-boys who flee privily from under their instructor's roof: but it is, to say the least, unusual for the pedagogue to run home to his parents. If " Φ " really believes in the test he applies, let him say at once that in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred the woman is to blame, and have done with it.

I said (3) that Milton was disliked by his daughters. To this my critic makes answer that "want of sympathy with a father is no uncommon thing in the world." I never suggested that it was. But feeling this general proposition to be a somewhat inadequate defence unless it can be shown, in the case under discussion, that the father was in the right, " Φ " backs it up with an hypothesis. We have seen how he proves that the first Mrs. Milton had a naughty heart. He now suggests that the daughters were naughty too; and that they inherited their naughtiness from their mother! In his own words, "the mother's legacy may have been a goodly share of her own nature." "Wave, Munich, all your banners wave!"—or at least let the famous Mr. Henrik Ibsen in that Bavarian capital turn his face nor'-westward and pay appropriate salutations to this free handling of "heredity." With ingenuity of this order I think it no shame to confess myself unable to cope in the limits of a weekly *causerie*. "What," my critic exclaims, "was Milton's home but a classical college?" I can only echo the question. But I

gather from certain advertisements in the newspapers that even "classical colleges" have special claims upon our esteem when able to embellish their curricula with "home comforts."

I turn with relief to the question of Milton's mental attitude towards women. I quoted Johnson's remark that in Milton's fixed opinion woman was born to be a slave. This (says my opponent) only shows how brutally unjust the old dictator could be to a poet whose political creed and conduct he so cordially detested. In support of Johnson's remark I quoted the very explicit utterances on this point of the Chorus in "*Samson Agonistes*":—

"Therefore God's universal law
Gave to the man despotic power
Over his female in due awe,
Nor from that right to pass an hour,
Smile she or lour.
So shall he least confusion draw
On his own life, not swayed
By female usurpation, or dismayed."

This (says my opponent again) only shows that I misapprehended the poem, which is historical in spirit. The chorus is as true to the situation and to historical feeling as the most rigorous critic could demand. This—if as an answer to me it mean anything—must mean that Milton is putting into the mouths of the Danites opinions which are appropriate to them and to their times, *but which the poet himself does not share*.

But is this so? Will " Φ ," after a study of Milton's tracts on Divorce, assert that his opinions on the position of women, deliberately set out in prose, differ from those recited here in verse by the Danites? " Φ " advises me to pursue my researches in Milton. I do so, and find in "*Paradise Lost*," Book VIII., that Adam, after narrating to Raphael the circumstances of Eve's creation and their nuptials, promptly falls to apologising for the really astonishing influence exercised upon him by this inferior creature. He is half-inclined to think Nature must have made some mistake: for of course she is inferior—not a doubt about that:—

"For well I understand, in the prime end
Of Nature, her the inferior, in the mind
And inward faculties, which most excel;
In outward also her resembling less
His image who made both, and expressing
The character of that dominion given
O'er other creatures."

Upon my word, anthropomorphism is, to use a vulgar phrase, "not in it" beside the complacent andromorphism of the above passage. Is this, pray, the historical spirit again? Is Milton putting this crude theory into Adam's mouth just to show that Adam was such a very primitive man? Well, but at least the "sociable spirit," Raphael, should have known better. He, at any rate, is not hindered, by the accident of having lived before the Deluge, from speaking the poet's thought. But what answers Raphael? "Desert not Wisdom," he advises Adam—

"By attributing overmuch to things
Less excellent, as thou thyself perceivest.
For what admirest thou, what transports thee so?
An outside—fair, no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love;
Not thy subjection. Weigh with her thyself;
Then value. Oft-times nothing profits more
Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right,
Well managed; of that skill the more thou know'st,
The more will she acknowledge thee her head. . . ."

In these verses you may almost hear the roll of Milton's prose—"for he in vain makes a vaunt of liberty in the senate or in the forum, who languishes under the vilest servitude to an inferior at home."

To be short, over and over again, in prose and verse, you will find this great Puritan expressing or implying the opinion that woman was made for man's enjoyment: but that man has any further duties towards woman than to cherish her if she obeys him well, and to put her away if he finds her

a nuisance, seems beyond his conception. "Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse," puts it too low, perhaps; "a little dearer than his cook" is nearer the mark. You will observe how, in Book V., Eve runs around with the dishes while Adam and the Angel sit and eat—

"nor seemingly
The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss
Of Theologians, but with keen despatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
To transubstantiate."

It may have been so in Eden. In these days it is so—in Germany.

I was careful to take John Milton as "the very best example of a Puritan that history can show. Never did man," I said, "after his lights, live a purer or more scrupulous life." He revered nobly the beautiful temple of his own body. But when "φ" leaps from the particular to the general, I desire evidence before I can follow him. "The Puritan," says he—meaning thereby the Puritan as a moral type—"was ashamed of uncleanness, but he was ashamed of nothing else. For woman he had the reverence that would not allow him to come unchaste and defiled into her presence, and he asked from himself a chastity no less than he asked from her." No doubt he demanded purity in the woman. All men have demanded this, and sensualists have always insisted on it. But it would be interesting to have evidence for the rest of my opponent's contention. There is a gap, and a very dismal gap, between the license (let us say) of Marlowe's "Hero and Leander" and the filth of D'Urfey, Wycherley, and Vanbrugh. It would be interesting to know how "φ" accounts for it. A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

CARLYLE AS MILITARY HISTORIAN.

THE BATTLES OF FREDERICK THE GREAT: ABSTRACTED FROM THOMAS CARLYLE'S BIOGRAPHY OF FREDERICK THE GREAT. Edited by Cyril Ransome, M.A. London: Edward Arnold.

NO reader of "Frederick the Great" can fail to be struck by the battle pictures there presented; but their value as contributions to military history has been too little recognised. Scattered through the long narrative and partially overshadowed by the profusion of other interest, they inevitably lose somewhat—not of force, but of significance. Moreover, we have grown accustomed to think that military history can be written only by experts, and to distrust Macaulay and Alison. Some years have passed, however, since Carlyle's battles of Frederick were ordered to be officially translated for the instruction of the German army, and no excuse is needed for the publication of the series of extracts which Mr. Ransome has edited. The modern military historian is before everything a critic. His method is often obtrusively analytical. He is for ever seeking to establish preconceived principles, strategic or tactical. He generally avoids descriptive writing, and seeks not to bring a scene before the reader, but to furnish arguments for or against some form of military procedure. All this is wholly foreign to Carlyle's genius, strongest perhaps in conjuring up a mental picture in a few pregnant words. It would be rash to assume that the older method is incompatible with historical truth, and the battles of Frederick, taken out of their original setting, will fairly stand examination. Later writers have disposed of materials inaccessible to Carlyle, but a comparison of his account of Rossbach, Frederick's greatest triumph, with that of Baron Colmar von der Goltz clearly proves the careful study which the former devoted to the military portions of his great work. If full details of the march and the ordering of squadrons and battalions—matters inherently

liable to historical error—are lightly passed over, what could more vividly impress the nature of Soubise's fatally frustrated turning movement than the following?—

Truth is, the Dauphiness is in exultant spirits this morning; intending great things against a certain "little Marquess of Brandenburg" to whom one does so much honour. Generals looking down yesterday on the King of Prussia's camp, able to count every man in it (and half the men being invisible, owing to bends in the ground) counted him to 10,000 or so; and had said, "Pshaw, are not we above 50,000? Let us end it! Take him on his left. Round yonder, till we get upon his left, and even upon his rear withal, St. Germain co-operating on the other side of him: on left, on rear, on front at the same moment, is not that a sure game?" A very ticklish game. "No general will permit himself to be taken in flank with his eyes open; and the King of Prussia is the unlikeliest you could try it with."

Then comes the swift counterstroke ordered by Frederick, watching on the roof of the *Herrenhaus* at Rossbach.

Frederick earnestly surveys the phenomenon for some minutes. In some minutes Frederick sees his way through it, at least, into it, and how he will do it. Off eastward, march! Swift are his orders; almost still swifter the fulfilment of them. Prussian army is a nimble article in comparison with Dauphiness! In half an hour's time all is packed and to the road; and except Mayer and certain Free-Corps or Light-Horse to amuse St. Germain and his Almsdorf people, there is not a Prussian visible in these localities to French eyes.

It is a vigorous word-sketch, instinct with the spirit of the men and the moment, incomparably more impressive than if rendered into the latter-day language of military pedantry. Who can fail to grasp the lesson of Rossbach?

Here again is the story of the inadequate orders which formed one of the principal causes of Frederick's disastrous defeat at Kolin. Hülsen, on the Prussian left, having taken Kreczor on the Austrian right, was to be supported at once by the direct advance of the Prussian centre. Frederick, instantly seeing the possibilities open to him—

dashed from the Hill-top in hot haste towards Prince Moritz, General of the centre, intending to direct him upon such short cut, and hastily said, with Olympian brevity and fire, "Face to right here!" With Jove-like brevity, and in such blaze of Olympian fire as we may imagine. Moritz himself is of brief, crabbed, fiery mind, brief in temper, and answers to the effect, "Impossible to attack the enemy here, your Majesty: postured as they are; and we with such orders gone abroad!" "Face to right, I tell you!" said the King, still more Olympian, and too emphatic for explaining. Moritz, I hope, paused, but rather think he did not, before remonstrating the second time; neither perhaps was his voice so low as it should have been: it is certain that Frederick dashed quite up to Moritz at this second remonstrance, flashed out his sword (the only time he ever drew his sword in battle): and now, gone all to mere Olympian lightning and thunder tone, asked in *this* attitude, "Will er" (will he) "obey orders, then?" Moritz, fallen silent of remonstrance, with gloomy rapidity obeys.

A wrong impulse had been imparted to the Prussian centre, due to Frederick's "excess of brevity," and the mistake was irreparable.

The charm of Carlyle's method of writing military history does not lie only in vivid portraiture of the actions and the passions of men. In these great battle-pictures the foreground is not neglected. Here is a characteristic sketch of the village of Hochkirch, the scene of Daun's great night attack, and of Frederick's defeat:—

The village hangs confusedly, a jumble of cottages and cotagaths, on the crown and north slope of this Height; thatched, in part tiled, and built mostly of rough stone blocks, in our time—not of wood, as probably in Frederick's. A solid, sluttishly comfortable-looking Village; with pleasant hay-fields, or long narrow hay stripes (each villager has his stripe) reaching down to the northern levels. The Church is near the top; Churchyard, and some space farther, are nearly horizontal ground, till the next Height begins sloping up again towards the woody Hills southward. The view from the Church belfry is wide and pretty. Free on all sides except the south: pleasant Heights and Hollows, of arable, of wood, or pasture; well-watered by rushing Brooks, all making northward, direct for Spree (the Berlin Spree), or else into the Löbau water, which is the first big branch of Spree.

These collected accounts of Frederick's fourteen

battles are more than mere picturesque specimens of descriptive art. The earnest military student cannot afford to pass them by in favour of the new lights. The general reader will find them far more intelligible than the elaborate treatises of later date. For, in some aspects, historical truth is not easy of definition, and the realism which recalls the scene and the circumstance of decisive moments may be of more value than analysis largely subjective.

One great blot mars the usefulness of Mr. Ransome's collection. The maps, taken from Messrs. Chapman and Hall's edition of Carlyle's works, are practically worthless. Indistinct, and microscopically small, they afford no real aid to an understanding of the operations, and are calculated only to cause exasperation. Excellent maps are available, and, for the sake alike of the general reader and the military student, it is greatly to be regretted that the book was not rendered complete in this important respect.

THE HOMERIC PROBLEM AGAIN.

HOMER AND THE EPIC. By Andrew Lang. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

It can hardly be denied or doubted that this book is in the main the work of its professed author, Mr. Andrew Lang. Unquestionably one purpose inspires it throughout; the style is of an almost equal excellence from first to last; the methods, critical and apologetic, are consistent everywhere. We can hardly presume to suggest that we have not here an authentic work by Mr. Lang; common agreement among its readers ascribes it to him, and its views are those of which he is a well-known advocate and untiring champion. Yet knowing, as we do, that no author is ever guilty of mistakes, omissions, unusual elevations or unusual collapses in his own works, and knowing that when such things are discoverable in an author's work they are not his, but another's, we are compelled to believe that, to some very slight extent, more than one hand has been at work upon this volume. The evidence is delicate indeed, but convincing to a modern scholar. We take three points: The first chapter is written with singular charm and grace of style, distinctly upon a higher level than the style of its successors; this of itself is suspicious. Secondly, it contains this sentence: "We shall . . . compare Homer with certain other early national poems, such as the 'Chanson de Roland,' the 'Kalevala,' and 'Beowulf,' trying to show in what respects his work resembles, and in what it transcends and differs from, those interesting lays." Now, at the close of the work, we find this promise fulfilled for the "Chanson de Roland" and the "Kalevala"; but in the place, so it would seem, of "Beowulf," we have the "Niebelungenlied." Thirdly, the name of Alan Breck, Mr. Stevenson's happiest hero, is misspelled: a thing impossible to Mr. Lang, so ardent an admirer of that gentleman's romances. At this present it would be premature to formulate a theory; we will but suggest that Mr. Lang, with that indifference to ethics in literary matters and to distinctions of authorship so habitual from the earliest times of literature, has conveyed the first chapter from some unidentified source, and failed both to carry out in full its promises and to sustain its marked elevation of tone and style. This, however, does not account for the misspelling in a subsequent chapter, nor for sundry repetitions, wholly superfluous, which occur here and there throughout the work. It seems probable, then, that after Mr. Lang had completed his work, largely upon the lines laid down by the anonymous first hand, a third hand was in some way enabled to insert some passages. But the bulk of the work, as he received it, was so clearly due to Mr. Lang, that it was clearly impossible to remove his name. A detailed examination of the whole question will shortly appear in the pages of the *Something-or-Other-Wissenschaft*.

In all truth and soberness, there have been, there still are, scholars of too ingenious a scepticism, whose

critical method and attitude of mind towards old literature is precisely of this sort. Parodies are not arguments; but Bentley's Miltonic "interpolator" stands for all time, a ghastly warning against this procedure, stronger than any parody. Mr. Lang, accomplished scholar as he is, and though no specialist nor expert in matters archaeological and philological, yet well qualified to estimate the reasonable probabilities of a case in those branches of learning, has chosen rather to put forward the æsthetic or spiritual argument for Homeric unity. Consult the poets, the artists, he pleads; examine the great masterpieces of the known masters; try to realise the sense of unity—not constructive merely, but spiritual—of their works, and say whether the verdict is not in favour of a Homer one and indivisible. The same appeal and argument were forcibly urged in a letter by the late artist, Mr. Samuel Palmer: "What is meant by saying that Homer did not write the 'Iliad' is this: that no man wrote the 'Iliad'—in fact, that it 'developed': that it was self-developed out of fragments. But it is as impossible that a first-rate poem or work of art should be produced without a great master-mind, which first conceives the whole, as that a fine, living bull should be 'developed' out of beef sausages. If I could call the most august authorities to give judgment, they would be unanimous. It would be cruel to call Homer, as he would be 'Burked,' i.e., critic'd, in the street. Well, these might suffice: Virgil, Milton, Dante, Michael Angelo, Blake—all, in every age, who had made the article would testify that an idea of the whole was indispensable to the adjustment of the parts. If, on the other hand, the 'Iliad' be not a work of art, all the world has been drivelling for three thousand years, or thereabouts." The late Principal Shairp, a man of poetry, wrote in the same spirit about "the great Teutonic hoax," and applauds Cardinal Newman for holding "the old and natural belief that Homer was a man, not a myth," upon precisely the same grounds. Turning from these critics—who were artists also, "makers of the article"—to Mr. Mark Pattison, a critic pure and simple, we find him declaring, thirty years ago: "We may safely say that no scholar will again find himself able to embrace the unitarian hypothesis." Well! time is ironical and also wise: scholars are beginning to find the Wolfian hypothesis too much to embrace. Professor Ramsay has lately pointed out how the scholarly world is in great measure coming round not to all Mr. Gladstone's conclusions, but certainly to his fundamental position towards Homer; to a sense that the poems which became the Holy Scriptures of Hellas must have had an origin and a reality, historical and definite; they must have embalmed and preserved ideas and sentiments, in which a later Hellas saw their ancestral tendencies. No half casual origin and accidental growth could have given to a mere collection of lays and legends this sacred prestige, under one sacred name. It is well to remember the history of two great movements in this century: the history of Physical Evolution and of Biblical Criticism. How theologians wailed and sceptics triumphed in the earlier stages of discovery, theory, argument! But the pendulum has swung back from its first extreme, and is oscillating near the middle: no one can now hold that Theism and Christianity are in mortal peril from research into human and scriptural origins. Extremists on both sides have learned moderation and caution from early excesses. Something in the same way, the Homeric Question is becoming modified. If philology taught Mr. Paley to bring down Homer to an insignificantly modern date, later studies in archæology have sent him back again, upon the authority of many scholars, to a magnificent antiquity. But the question of Homeric unity, though vastly concerned with the question of date, is not wholly dependent upon it: as Mr. Lang has said with admirable force, over and over again, it is in great part a matter for the poets, the men of imagination, the creative artists, to take in hand.

Except Goethe—and he vacillated—only one great poet since Wolf's day has declared for "many Homers." His words are remarkable. "I will engage to compile twelve books with characters just as distinct and consistent as those in the 'Iliad,' from the metrical ballads, and other chronicles of England, about Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table." The "Iliad" was to him a string of ballads, with no "subjectivity" in them, no signs of one mind expressing itself in them: nothing but a series of adventures, stories, exploits, conventionally told, as it were, from the outside. But let us remember that, to take a convenient point in time, after the publication of Percy's ballads in England and Germany, men of letters had ballads upon the brain: Herder from Lessing, Goethe from Herder, learned to dilate upon "natural and artificial poetry." There was an enthusiasm for "Volkslieder": everything early was natural, naïve, simple, beautiful, without the pains of art—up with the romantics, down with the classics! How delightful, to find in Homer an early Greek ballad singer, continued by other early Greek ballad singers; how fine a justification for revolt against Boileau and Racine! It was a time of fervid exaggeration, in which some men could talk in one breath of Homer and of Ossian. Of course, the problem had many sides: the "ballad" theory, the "development" theory, and more still. But positively, in their anxiety to show that Homer was unlike Virgil, Dante, Tasso, Milton, something fresher and freer, theorists spoke as though any one, in those early times of simplicity, might have been Homer, and many were. Endless controversy! The early use of writing, for example, has been discussed until the discussion has become a late abuse of it. But knowledge has increased since the days of Wolf: anthropology, archæology, the culture of primitive peoples, the nature and conditions of popular poetry, the actual evidence of the extant "national and heroic" early poems—all these are better known, more critically studied. It is profitable to reflect that if the ghost of Wolf could walk round the museums of Europe, he would certainly see a necessity for revising the "Prolegomena." Upon most of the topics raised by modern scholarship, Mr. Lang writes with zest, and vigour and humour. Against the views and arguments of his opponents he adduces their own inconsistencies with excellent effect. Now and again his readers will think that Mr. Leaf is not refuted: here and there, difficulties remain, and discrepancies are unreconciled. But Mr. Lang's minuter criticism is reinforced and doubled in strength by his general contention that Homeric unity is the belief of the poets and their kin. If Grote declares for an "Achilleis," distinctly separable from an "Iliad," Schiller declares that, despite episodes and complications, the one main plan and purpose of the poem stands clear and firm. Controversy to the end of time will not reconcile the two convictions; but it is just this aspect of the controversy with which we are most concerned. What Grote sees is of less importance than what Schiller sees: Scott would never have called himself a scholar, Wolf was a great scholar; but upon questions of imagination and poetical instinct Scott's opinion is the surer. When Coleridge sees no "subjectivity" in Homer, and Mr. Matthew Arnold sees a great deal, we call the combatants well matched, and presume not absolutely to decide. But when a dozen living scholars give us Homer in fragments, often selected and pieced together, or expunged and condemned, for reasons which seem ludicrous and prosaic beyond all bounds, we snap our fingers in the face of all the pundits and pedants in the world, and retire to the poets. Critics may argue through all the ages that Shakespeare wrote "sermons in books, stones in the running brooks," or that Milton ended his epic in the words "with heavenly converse cheered:" we simply know that they did not. Just so of twenty arguments to prove interpolations, *et hoc genus omne*, in "Iliad" and "Odyssey," we simply know that they are silly, the

work of learning without insight. Let alone questions of taste, there is an almost incredible air of inexperience about many of these critics. A work in these days may be written out three or four times, then type-written, then printed, then read in several proofs and revises, then reviewed a score of times, and yet a glaring blunder, some monstrous discrepancy, may remain undetected to the last: the thing often happens. Yet these ancient poems, which have passed through countless vicissitudes during a vast length of time, are required to present no difficulties, obscurities, discrepancies, even of the most trifling kind! Also, while no one will declare these poems perfectly immaculate in all details, whether of design or text, the great judges of poetry are almost unanimous in praising their wonderful art, their unity of design, their imaginative and spiritual consistency, the impress upon them of a master mind and a guiding hand. Mr. Lang has deserved well of all sane men for his demolition of his silly adversaries, and for his good fight with his serious.

MR. FREEMAN'S SHORT HISTORY OF SICILY.

SICILY: PHœNICIAN, GREEK, AND ROMAN. (Story of the Nations Series.) By the late Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

THIS volume tells the tale of Sicilian history from the beginning of things till the ninth century A.D., when it began to be torn away from the Roman Empire by the Saracens. It is odd to find such a book in a series devoted to National Histories, for the great characteristic of Sicily is that its people never constituted a nation. Occupied originally by three races, one akin to the races of Central and Western Italy, the other two of unknown affinities, it was settled by Phœnicians in the West, and by Greeks in the East, South, and North, and fought for by these two peoples for more than two hundred years, till the aborigines had practically been assimilated or absorbed, and everyone might call himself either a Greek or a Carthaginian. Then came Rome and reduced the island to a province, the first of her conquests outside Italy, so that Sicily saw herself united under one government only to become a small part of a large and swiftly growing dominion. Nor in her scarcely less chequered modern history, whether under Saracens or Normans, under Hohenstaufen, or Angevin, or Aragonese, or Bourbon, or Savoyard kings, has she ever constituted a kingdom or a people by herself, or had a national tongue or ought else to make her a distinct and separate entity in the world. Her history is the singular record of a region which Nature, in surrounding it by the sea, might have seemed to designate for an independent life, had not Nature, in setting it between Italy and Africa, with Greece not far distant, also destined it to be the meeting-point and battle-place of hostile races and creeds, never able to attain internal unity or to shake off the grasp of the stranger.

Mr. Freeman's last great work was a very elaborate and minute History of Sicily, of which three volumes have appeared, while portions of two others are understood to have been at his death so far completed as to be fit, when revised, for publication. The three volumes, however, carried the narrative down only to the rise of the tyrant Dionysius, at Syracuse, towards the end of the fifth century B.C. The peculiar interest and value of the present book is that as rather more than one-half of it is concerned with the later period, from the rise of Dionysius down to that Roman Imperial period in which Sicily has hardly any recorded history of her own, and our authorities for that history become extremely scanty, we have here a concise summary of his views on the period which death prevented him from dealing with on the larger scale of his great History. Heavy as the loss is which his death has involved, it is diminished by the fact that we know from this little treatise what were the estimates he had formed of

the men who play a leading part in the later annals of Sicily, and how the chief events in those annals struck him in their bearings on general history.

The present book is an admirable piece of narrative. It is perfectly clear and straightforward from beginning to end; no rhetoric, no word-painting, no digressions, no anecdotes or reflections, except such as are absolutely needed to illustrate the story, or arise directly from the events described. It may occasionally seem a little bare in its austere simplicity, or a little too like a child's book in the avoidance of all abstract or high-flown terms. Dry it can hardly help being, as compared with a fuller narrative, because those details which make the life and colour of history have to be omitted for the sake of saving space. Yet we recognise the thoroughness of the knowledge, as well as the historical judgment which has made the author select the most salient facts out of the immense multitude which, though he knows them, he cannot introduce, and we respect the self-restraint which cleaves so firmly to the plan with which he set out of selecting and presenting only those salient facts. Even in these narrow limits he has succeeded in doing three things which none but a great historian could do. He makes us feel all along the background of that picture in which Sicily is the foreground, reminding us by a sentence or two of what was passing in other parts of the Mediterranean world, and of the relations of Sicilian events thereto. He brings out the national characteristics of the races he has to deal with, primarily of Greeks, secondarily of Phœnicians, Sicilian aborigines, and Romans. He interjects from time to time short and pithy comments which not only illumine the narrative, but become also a part of that store of approved maxims and suggestions to ponder over, which every student of history seeks to accumulate. Finally, we are struck by the constant fairness of judgment and the finished skill with which the often scanty or untrustworthy authorities are used. Few writers of our time have so well held the balance between credulity, or the imaginative desire to create facts out of inadequate materials, on the one hand, and a barren or despondent scepticism on the other.

Out of many points which have struck us in the latter part of the book—for in the former we are on ground already familiar to readers of the large *History of Sicily*—two or three may be mentioned.

One is the immense importance of fortresses in early warfare; or in other words, the advantages of defence against attack. The retention of a stronghold determines the issue, not only of a campaign, but of a whole war. The grasp of the Carthaginians on Sicily could not be shaken off, because they had two very strong places in Eryx and Lilybaeum, which the Greeks could never capture, and one of which defied Rome to the last. So the invasion of Carthaginian Africa by Agathocles, at one time apparently sure of success, failed because the walls of Carthage defied him; so Syracuse often suffered in her politics from overweening confidence in her fortifications. Another point is the great part which mercenary troops began very early to play. As soon as the Mediterranean cities grew populous and wealthy, their desire to carry on war beyond the resources or tastes of their own citizens created a sort of indraught of fierce rough fighting men from the less luxurious and civilised regions around them, Iberians, Campanians, Gauls, and such like. The same phenomenon had happened previously to Egypt, and happened long afterwards in the decaying Roman Empire. And a third observation which Sicilian history suggests may help to console those to whom that history seems a long record of bloodshed. The island was apparently more populous and more prosperous during the days of fierce and doubtful strife between Greeks and Carthaginians than afterwards under the peace-giving, but often stern and grinding, sway of Rome, or indeed than in the five and a half centuries that lie between the Massacre of the Vespers and the landing of Garibaldi.

The human suffering which is represented by bloody battles and plundered towns strikes our imaginations more than that which heavy taxes, harsh farm-slavery, exhaustion of the soil, recurring famines, and decaying trade inflict.

MR. HUDSON'S BIRD-BOOK.

BIRDS IN A VILLAGE. By W. H. Hudson, C.M.Z.S. London: Chapman & Hall.

BLOWN by adverse winds from his own coast, cast on shore here in Britain for the rest of his life, as he now begins to believe, and denied the more familiar transatlantic "way" in which he formerly moved with greater ease, Mr. Hudson has joined "a great multitude" to write of British birds. Equal with the best naturalists in equipment and power of observation, Mr. Hudson stands head and shoulders above most naturalists and men as an interpreter of the things he notes. He possesses the receipt by which science is transmuted into literature. One would have supposed that words had done their utmost with the spider, a theme of poetry and prose in all ages.

"There sits the solitary geometric spider, an image and embodiment of patience, not on a monument, but on a suspended wheel, of which he is himself the hub; and so delicately fashioned are the spokes thereof, radiating from his round and gemlike body, and the rings, concentric tire within tire, that its exceeding fineness, like swift revolving motion, renders it almost invisible."

Here is

"One thought, one grace, one wonder at the least"

which into words no writer had yet digested. "In a Garden," the essay from which the above sentence is taken, appeals to the reviewer more directly than any of the others. It is fullest of the author's own personality, and its method is distinctly that of a poem: it moves untrammelled, knowing no law save the association of ideas. On every page of the book there is evidence of a powerful original mind, capable of primary impressions; but in "In a Garden" the author consciously opens the window. "Not any day," he says, "spent in a library would I live again, but rather some lurid day of labour and anxiety, of strife, or peril, or passion." Remember, this is not a slaughterer of partridges, ignorant of books, driven by ennui to undertake distasteful journeys; but one who, though he knows and loves books, knows and loves still better the subject of books—life and the earth. "I must look," he says, "at a leaf, or smell the sod, or touch a rough pebble, or hear some natural sound (if only the chirp of a cricket), or feel the sun or wind or rain on my face." Antæan men like this were always rare. Appreciation of the picturesque, sentimental raptures over the beauties of Nature we have had for a hundred years or so, and shall have while cities last—feelings that differ hardly in kind or degree from the weak emotions of the watchers of the ballet. Such deep brotherly love of earth and things earthy as we find in this respecter of earwigs, this defender of chanticleers, is new, and perhaps only in our age possible since time began. Mr. Hudson belongs to the sect of lovers of life, whose good news it is that there is nothing anywhere common or unclean.

The longest article, which gives the book its title, is a record of some six weeks' summer study of the birds in an English village. Mr. Hudson identified fifty-nine species during his sojourn, not including those, with the exception of the crane, which he only heard. Charm and interest are continuous; and it contains a wonderful fantasy of a boy who became immortal through eating ants. In "Exotic Birds for Britain" the author advocates the addition of new, beautiful species to our avifauna to repair the damage that has been done wantonly or from a mistaken idea of utility. An indirect benefit of such an experiment would be to enhance the value

in our eyes of our remaining native rare and beautiful species. In other articles our feathered brothers are defended from the attacks of the censorious, and a plea entered against their wrongful imprisonment.

Mr. Hudson's "Birds in a Village," apart from other and higher qualities already indicated, is one of the best-tempered and most readable books we have ever read. May we ask, before ending, what has come over Mr. Hudson's "Crystal Age," a fascinating romance published a decade ago? Strange times when a paltry book like "Looking Backward" sells by the hundred thousand, and an imaginative glance into futurity like the "Crystal Age" falls dead from the press!

THE MODERN TYPHON.

THE ENGLISH PEASANT. Studies: Historical, Local, and Biographic. By Richard Heath. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

VANQUISHED in battle by Zeus, says the old Greek myth, the giant Typhon was chained to earth, with Mount Etna laid upon him to keep him down. Prostrate he remained, but not destroyed; ever as he writhed in pain the mountain heaved and shook; and a day was to come when, rising, he should hurl it from him, and in his turn crush his conquerors. These things are an allegory; Typhon is the English labourer. Jealous of his growing might the aristocracy bound him down with fourteenth-century persecution and restriction; in the risings of Tyler and Cade through one period, in the Pilgrimage of Grace and Ket's rebellion through another, in the rick-burnings of 1830, and the Union of Joseph Arch, we have the throbs and stirrings of the imprisoned giant; and the day is dawning when he will burst his bonds, and regain the birthright—agrarian, educational, political—robbed from him by force or fraud.

This moral is not forced upon us by Mr. Heath, but drops distinct and clear from his timely and interesting biography of poor John Hodge. Its opening chapter is the *via dolorosa* of his march through history from the Statute of Labourers to the New Poor Law. From 1870 onward the pages reflect the writer's personal experience. We have his study of cottage homes in Cheshire, Norfolk, the Midland and the Home Counties. He takes us with him through Lincolnshire fenland, Yorkshire dales, Surrey commons; amid the hop-pickers of Sussex, the waggoners of Kent, the timber-fellers, broom-makers, charcoal-burners of the New Forest; we attend a village fair in Suffolk, a club-feast in a corner of the Southdowns; we touch the two extremes of country social life, in the passive misery of Dorsetshire and the Weald, in the educated prosperity of Northumbrian and Cheviot shepherds. The book ends with three well-condensed sketches of typical English peasants—of Cobbett, the demagogue; Clare, the poet; Huntington, the preacher—men risen out of serfdom into eminence by the force of native genius, yet with powers distorted and lives warped by the tragic limitations of their origin.

The main factors of cottage happiness are the home and the income. The evidence as to the homes is ghastly, drawn from local observation, sustained by Parliamentary Reports, only too familiar to all who have investigated rural life. Cottages belonging to the great landlords are for the most part tolerable—*noblesse oblige*; owned by the small speculator, from whom very few villages are free, they are lairs of disease, indecency, unchastity; with rents in the wattled walls, holes in the crumbling floor and rotting thatch, fever traps in the open drains adjacent to door and window; with six, eight, ten inmates crowded in a single room, adults of both sexes pigging in a single bed—"a not uncommon thing for a bolster to be placed at each end of a bed, so that all the family may sleep in it, with their feet towards the middle." From north to south and east to west the pitiless record runs, each county in turn furnishing profuse and hideous

details. It paints labourers as worse than homeless, herding in dens which are not homes at all, which make impossible domestic happiness, affection, virtue; create types of social life sunk to the level of barbarism; with results of immorality, says one Government commissioner, "horrifying enough to make the very hair stand on end."

From the home we turn to the income. The weekly wage descends from eighteen or twenty shillings in the north to nine shillings in the extreme south; the average throughout the kingdom being, on the highest computation—with every allowance for house money, harvest money, perquisites—not more than fifteen shillings. This may suffice when there are no children, or when the children add to the income with wage earnings of their own. In the great majority of cases, where from three to six children have to be maintained, it runs the scale from insufficiency to semi-starvation. The cottager's own estimate makes sixpence a head per day for each inmate the minimum of decency and comfort. With four young children that would be twenty-one shillings a week; yet twelve, ten, nine shillings, are the rule in the southern half of England, and fifteen shillings is the normal average. The often-asked question how people live on these low wages is answered graphically by Mr. Heath. Young mothers augment them by field-work, their babes left to a neighbour to be stupefied into quiet by "daff," or opium, with a consequent mortality of twenty-five per cent. amongst infants under one year old. Meat is unknown throughout the year, its substitutes being potatoes, rice, and "broth" made of bread soaked in hot water with salt and pepper. In many cottages a good fire is rarely seen; flannel under-vests are worn, unchanged, unwashed, until they fall in pieces; the full-grown men lack muscular development, while the old are prematurely crippled with rheumatics; mind and body force are deadened into listlessness; only the rage for drink survives, maintained and intensified by "the abominable little beer-shops, spread like devil-traps over the countryside." The one bright oasis in this wilderness of degradation is the picture of the Northumbrian hinds—well paid, well fed, of splendid animal vigour, devout Presbyterians, enlightened readers of books, keenly alive to the value of education.

The proofs of the book have been somewhat carelessly corrected. The word "*Gedmon*" occurs more than once. On pp. 9, 10, 32, 38, 114, 150, 231, 254, are obvious typographical errors. Joseph Arch (p. 232) is made the centre of a wholly ungrammatical sentence; Miss Mitford (p. 268) probably knew her "*Guy Mannering*" better than to talk of "*Alie Dinmont*"; nor need Latinists be made to shudder at the "*mens sanum*" of p. 282. We hope that a second edition will speedily permit the rectification of these trifles. Restrained and quiet in their tone, not pessimistic, not sensational, Mr. Heath's "Studies" are a valuable reminder that, though in some respects the lot of the labourer has improved, his average condition remains a blot upon our civilisation and christianity. His emancipation cannot be achieved by others; if only his disabilities are removed and power is given to him ungrudgingly, he will, speedily or slowly, redress the evils of the past, and work out his own salvation. Eight years of electoral power have begun to reveal to him his strength; new labour unions, organised by wise heads, backed by sufficient funds, unencumbered by provisions for insurance, are springing up in the Red Van's wake through county after county. Here and there, unexpectedly but successfully, soundly based co-operative stores have taken root in villages; and with a clear perception of his own necessities, which politicians even yet imperfectly comprehend, he is demanding radical reform of land tenure and local government as the first stage in his social and industrial regeneration. When the action of the unions shall have extorted from the landlord, through the farmer, a minimum, instead of an average, wage of fifteen shillings a week; when that is

supplemented by the savings of co-operation and by the yet higher profits of righteously accessible allotments; when parish councils come to handle land, schools and schoolrooms, charities, public houses, poor-law relief, with powers unchecked by legislative timidity, Hodge will become an ornament, not a scandal, to the body politic; the England of villages, commons, pastures, valleys, will be Merry England once again.

MISCELLANEOUS VERSE.

- RETROSPECT, AND OTHER POEMS. By A. Mary F. Robinson. (Cameo Series.) London: T. Fisher Unwin.
- UNDER THE HAWTHORN, AND OTHER VERSE. By Augusta de Gruchy. London: Elkin Mathews & John Lane.
- SONGS AND SONNETS. By Mathilde Blind. London: Chatto & Windus.
- FRANCIS DRAKE: A TRAGEDY OF THE SEA. THE MOTHER, AND OTHER POEMS. By S. Weir Mitchell. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- POEMS. By Benjamin W. Ball. Edited, with an Introduction, by F. F. Ayer. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- RED LEAVES AND ROSES. By Madison Cawein. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- EL NUEVO MUNDO. By Louis James Block. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.
- THE TRUMPETER. By J. V. Von Scheffel. Translated by Jessie Beck and Louise Lorimer. With Introduction by Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons.
- SECULAR POEMS. By Henry Vaughan, Silurist. Edited by J. Tutin. Hull: J. R. Tutin.

MADAME DARMESTETER has lost none of her exquisite touch; "the delicate, swift, tumultuous spring," in her own abundant but well-garnered words, is in all her best poetry. She keeps old ideas fresh, is even reactionary, and makes a hero of Taine, the great lacquey of the age who strove to find everything common and unclean; but she is so brief, bright, and sincere that *ennui* flies from her pages.

Very tender and melodious is much of Miss de Gruchy's verse. Rare imaginative power marks the dramatic monologue "In the Prison Van;" and restrained passion gives strength to "Amabel to her Husband." Miss Mathilde Blind has added nine new poems to her "Songs and Sonnets," which is her best book of verse. Four of these belong to the remarkable series "Love in Exile," and add to its completeness.

On the whole, Dr. Weir Mitchell's "Drake" is unsatisfactory. There is a certain nobility in the character of Doughty, who says nothing of the grudge against Leicester on which Froude insists; the other persons are stagey or shadowy. Dr. Mitchell's "Mother, and Other Poems" contains more interesting matter. His "Sonnets," "St. Christopher," and "Responsibility" are pleasing instances of the cultured verse of a professional man. Both his books are incomparable specimens of transatlantic printing and binding. The next three volumes are more typical of American verse. Mr. Cawein, Mr. Ball, and Mr. Block derive from English poetry, with hardly any intermediate influence, except perhaps the mood without the method of Walt Whitman. They make brave efforts to "differentiate" themselves, and are landed most frequently in faults of style, sometimes in paltry changes of spelling. Mr. Block talks of "exhausted regnance," Mr. Ball employs the epithet "prognathous," and Mr. Cawein spells Guinevere "Gwenhwyvar." The three have a gift of sounding verse, however, and Mr. Cawein something more. He has a most pregnant fancy, remarkable rhyming power, and though there is no advance in this volume over his last, he remains easily the most notable of recent American poets.

"The Trumpeter" sprang out of Von Scheffel's heart. Thoroughly original in conception and treatment, it is marked by freshness of thought and feeling, descriptive power of a high order, and a delightful humour, which made it welcome to all

sorts and conditions of men in the Fatherland, and which ought to ensure it good entertainment in its English dress. The familiar epic is essentially a German product, and there is nothing in English to which we can really compare "The Trumpeter." Readers, and it ought to have many, will find it full of idyllic charm—the cheerful homeliness of the "Vicar of Wakefield" with a more romantic setting and bursts of lyrical fervour. Miss Beck and Miss Lorimer have produced an admirable translation, which needs no recommendation from us, since Sir Theodore Martin pronounces it successful.

In part Henry Vaughan's "Secular Poems" are of excellent quality, though none of them can be fairly said to equal his sacred pieces. Mr. Tutin claims for him that he was certainly a greater lover and interpreter of Nature than Herbert, and would call him the Wordsworth of the seventeenth century. The comparison with Wordsworth seems to us unfortunate; for though his acquaintance with Nature is intimate in its kind, it is superficial, and his treatment fanciful. He reminds us more of Swift; his "Rhapsody at the Globe Tavern" has much of Swift's force and realism; but he is, of course, a poet of a loftier order. "The Eagle" and "The Charnel House" are high-fantastical in the great style. Even his conceits move with full sail, as here:

"Where are your shoreless thoughts, vast tented hope,
Ambitious dreams, aims of an endless scope,
Whose stretched excess runs on a string too high,
And on the rack of self-extension die?"

Mr. Tutin has appended a small selection from the poems of Vaughan's brother Thomas, many of whose verses are but little inferior to "the Silurist's." Students of English poetry are much indebted to Mr. Tutin for this little volume, the contents of which were, before its publication, only accessible to a few.

FICTION.

- THE LAST TENANT. By B. L. Farjeon. In 1 vol. London: Hutchinson & Co.
- THE HEIRLOOM; OR, THE DESCENT OF VEENWOOD MANOR. By T. Duthie-Lisle. In 3 vols. London: Gay & Bird.
- THE SCALLYWAG. By Grant Allen. In 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

THE immortal Fat Boy would have delighted in "The Last Tenant." Armed with Mr. Farjeon's story, he could have made the flesh of the boldest creep. There is no nonsense here about the scientific side of occultism, nor any attempt to trace strange phenomena to natural causes. The ghosts presented to us are as real as any we ever met with, and they are almost as terrifying as those in Lord Lytton's "The Hunters and the Haunted." A worthy bourgeois, of the kind that Mr. Farjeon loves, at the instigation of his wife engages in a search for a house, and at last finds one, Number 79, Lamb's Terrace, which contains rather more than he bargained for. On the very first day on which he visits the gloomy place, accompanied by his wife, he has an adventure, the like of which it falls to the lot of few of us, even when house-hunting, to experience.

In the room in which we were now standing there were two bell-pulls; one was broken, the other appeared to be in workable condition. It was not to prove this, but out of an idle humour, as I thought at the time—though I was afterwards inclined to change my opinion, and to ascribe the action to a spiritual impulse—that I stepped to the unbroken bell-pull, and gave it a jerk. It is not easy to describe what followed. Bells jangled and tolled and clanged, as though I had set in motion a host of infernal and discordant tongues of metal, and had raised the dead from their graves to take part in the harsh concert; for, indeed, there seemed to be something horribly fiendish in the discord, which was at once hoarse, strident, shrill, and sepulchral, and finally resolved itself into a low, muffled wail, which ran through the house like a funeral peal. With the exception of our own voices and footsteps and the slamming of the doors we had opened and shut, these were the only sounds we had heard, and they brought a chill to our hearts.

"How awful!" whispered my wife. I nodded, and held up my hand. The last echo of the bells had died away, and now there came another sound, so startling and appalling that my wife clutched me in terror.

"My God!" she cried, "someone is coming upstairs!"

And a very terrible someone, or something, it was, though we are not going to spoil the story by letting our readers into the "gashly" secret. Let them be content with knowing that the terrible apparition had an attendant; "I looked down, and there, gliding past the upright spectral figure, I saw creeping towards me a skeleton cat." Need we say that Mr. Emery accepted this remarkable apparition as positive proof of the fact that Number 79, Lamb's Terrace, had been the scene of a foul and monstrous crime, and that he had been "inscrutably chosen" to unravel what he well describes as "the most awful and inexplicable mystery in my life?" How he succeeds in this task we learn in the course of a narrative which is, at least, startling, and never dull. As a good specimen of the sensational story, "The Last Tenant" may be highly commended.

A better sub-title than that selected for "The Heirloom" by its author would have been "A Romance of Triplets." Mr. Bertram Gonault, who is, we presume, the hero of this remarkable work, is introduced to us on the first page as he lies raving at the point of death, and we are sorry to say that Mr. Duthie-Lisle is cruel enough to keep him in that position for two hundred long pages. Whilst Bertram is gasping out his life in his bed-chamber at Vernwood Manor, we are made acquainted with the remarkable vicissitudes of his life—how he had established his claim to the ancestral estate, chiefly, apparently, by the production of the heirloom itself, in the shape of a mysterious ring; how he had acquired fabulous wealth and had become engaged to a beautiful girl, who vanished in a startling fashion shortly before the time when she was to have been wedded to him; and how he then gave himself up to a life of dissipation, with the result that we find him dying of old age in his fiftieth year and the first page of the story. It is a chaotic narrative, and the reader feels relieved when at the end of the first volume he resumes his place in Bertram's bed-chamber. By this time, however, Bertram is dead. It is only half an hour by the clock since we left him to listen to the interminable story of his life, but in that brief half-hour someone has performed the superfluous task of murdering the dying man. The remaining two volumes of the novel are devoted to the work of bringing the murderer to justice and finding an heir for Vernwood Manor. It is at this point that the mystery of the triplets obtrudes itself upon our notice. Not for worlds would we reveal that mystery and thus destroy the pleasure of the reader. The man or woman who has waded through the first half of this incredibly foolish book deserves any enjoyment that can be obtained from a perusal of the second half. The author's style, it should be said, is remarkable, and the manner in which the English language is used has at least the charm of novelty.

In the little Surrey town of Hillborough there is—or was at the date of the story called "The Scallywag"—a cabman, who was also, by a curious freak of fate, a British baronet. Such things have been in real life, and Mr. Grant Allen is consequently entitled to introduce this novel effect in fiction. The manners of Sir Emery Gascoyne are those of a cabman rather than a baronet. He drops his *h's*, and, we imagine, performs feats with his knife at the dinner-table; but his heart is in the right place, and in his case virtue is rewarded by the fact that his son and daughter are in all respects worthy of their place in the pages of Debreth. How it comes to pass that the cabman's son is an undergraduate at Oxford with a brilliant reputation and the manners and bearing of a gentleman, is explained by the part which a Hebrew money-lender named Solomons plays in the story. This worthy, having discovered the baronet-cabman, comes to the conclusion that after all,

even in these days, there is money in a baronetcy. He accordingly takes possession of the Gascoynes, father and son, and advances them a sufficient sum of money to pay the expenses of the latter at Oxford at the reasonable interest of twenty per cent. per annum. Young Gascoyne is virtually the money-lender's slave, and a very hard taskmaster the latter proves himself. His one object in life is to save money for the benefit of a certain worthless nephew of his, and Paul Gascoyne, after leaving Oxford, is compelled to labour by day and night in order to meet the terrible claims which Mr. Solomons has against him. He might marry an heiress, for there is a magnificent American specimen of the class who is dying to wed him. But, with the perversity of youth, he declines this easy and lucrative path in life, and resorts instead to that which Mr. Grant Allen apparently regards as the degrading occupation of a journalist. Whether it is because of his title—poor Sir Emery had opportunely died in a snow-storm on the box of his own cab—or because of some special merits of his own, we do not pretend to say, but Sir Paul Gascoyne undoubtedly achieves a rapid and brilliant success in his unholy calling. He might very well have married the clergyman's daughter in Cornwall, upon whom his heart is set, if it had not been for those terrible claims of Mr. Solomons. But he is much too honourable a man to forget these—if, indeed, Mr. Solomons would permit him to do so; and so he works himself to a shadow in the vain hope of reducing his indebtedness to the old Jew. But at this point, when our baronet's fortunes are at the darkest, a change takes place. Solomons junior robs his uncle of nearly all his savings, and decamping with an adventuress, is disposed of by an opportune shipwreck on the Cornish coast. His uncle recovers his property, but is heartbroken at the loss of his nephew. The ingenious novel-reader who knows the methods of Mr. Grant Allen need hardly be told the remainder of the story. Suffice it to say that it ends in an illumination worthy of the closing scene of a pantomime, and that all is made well with our young baronet. Mr. Grant Allen is always interesting and always readable. The colours on his palette are mixed with brains, and a plot even more impossible than that of "The Scallywag" is carried off triumphantly by his unfailing ingenuity and admirable good temper. It would be too much to say that this last story of his is wildly exciting, but many persons will enjoy it the more precisely because it is not. Clear character-sketching, bright dialogue, and a hundred clever hits at topics of the day, will make the time spent in its perusal pass pleasantly enough.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

In days when slavery in America was not only an established, but in many quarters an honoured institution, John Greenleaf Whittier—at that time a poor young Quaker journalist in a small provincial town, loyal to the "Inner Light"—took up his parable against the accursed traffic in human flesh and blood. He wrote fearlessly, and with the generous indignation and compassion of an honest heart, and his songs of freedom found their way to the hearts of his countrymen, and by stirring the national conscience, helped to shape history and to bring about Abolition. "Every word," it was admitted, "which Whittier wrote on this great burning question" was "a blow, and many a time-server who was proof against Lloyd Garrison's

LIFE OF JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. By W. J. Linton. "Great Writers." Edited by Eric Robertson and Frank T. Marzials. (London: Walter Scott, Limited.) Crown 8vo.

WORDSWORTH FOR THE YOUNG. With Introduction and Notes. By J. C. Wright, Author of "Outlines of English Literature." (London: Jarrold & Sons.) Crown 8vo.

ILLUSTRATED OFFICIAL HANDBOOK OF THE CAPE AND SOUTH AFRICA. Edited by John Noble. (London: Edward Stanford; Cape Town: J. C. Juta & Co.) 8vo.

ANNUAL SUMMARIES REPRINTED FROM THE "TIMES," 1851-1892. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co.) Two Volumes. Crown 8vo.

CHARLES WEBB'S TONIC SOL-FA METHOD. (London: Robert Cocks & Co.) Small Quarto.

denunciations or Wendell Phillips' invectives, quailed before Whittier's Rhymes." Many of Whittier's lyrics and songs were written at a white heat, and to serve the purposes of the hour; he was an orator in verse, and, like other orators, he took liberties of speech which criticism, even when not captious, was often compelled to disallow. His own confession was, "When I felt like it I wrote, and I had neither the health nor the patience to work over it afterward. It usually went as it was originally completed." The outcome of it all was that humanity gained at the expense of art, though poems like "Snow Bound," with their delicate descriptive beauty, lyrical grace of expression, and instant and exquisite appeal to the common heart, are not, of course, open to the reproach of literary carelessness. If ever a poet was true to the kindred points of heaven and home, it surely was this gentle, blameless singer—the Cowper of New England, in the manner of his life as well as in much of the method of his work. Not even the warmest admirer of Whittier will venture to claim that his poems in quality or range touch the level gained and kept by Cowper; but there is much in common between the two men beyond their love of God, their passion for liberty, and their appreciation of the familiar aspects of Nature and their reverence for the homely virtues of the fireside. Although Whittier frankly admitted that he was not insensible to literary reputation, it was characteristic of the man to add that he placed a higher value on his "name as appended to the Anti-Slavery Declaration of 1833 than on the title-page of any book." This brief monograph is somewhat dull and disappointing. Mr. Linton is mighty in quotations, and, unluckily, many of them are bombastic and pointless. His own contributions to the little book hardly appear to be considerable, and certainly are not conspicuous on the score of knowledge or insight. An element of loose exaggeration runs through the book, and even though it makes for praise it is none the less uncalled for and irritating. Here and there a sensible and sober bit of criticism stands revealed, but it is quickly submerged in the ocean of kindly but all too fluent commonplace. After all, the best pages in the volume seem to us to come last, and they are devoted to Mr. Anderson's welcome and exhaustive bibliography.

"Wordsworth for the Young" is a title which, of course, at once explains itself. It belongs to a little book which was scarcely required. Mr. Wright contributes an extremely flimsy and superficial "introduction," and his critical and illustrative "notes" belong for the most part to the same category. Not even the most audacious schoolboy of the period is likely to quarrel with the opening assertion of the book that "William Wordsworth was one of the greatest of English poets"; nor will his sister, however pert or advanced, deny that at least "some" of this poet's "sonnets are among the finest in the English language." As for the passages from Wordsworth which form the main portion of the book, it is enough to say that they have been selected with a fair degree of taste and the average amount of judgment.

It is nearly seven years since the "Official Handbook of the Cape" was first published, and during the interval more has happened in South Africa than in most parts of the world. There have been great political and social changes, as well as progress, to a remarkable degree, not in one, but in many directions. It was accordingly deemed advisable to widen the scope of a useful manual of reference, and the result is this bulky volume of five hundred and fifty pages. The publication of such a work—lucid, statistical, authoritative—is itself a proof of the growth and prosperity of South Africa. It is written with ability as well as with a manifest mastery of a wide array of facts, and it gives an admirable summary of the history, populations, productions, and resources of the several colonies, states, and territories of South Africa. The fauna and flora of the country, its mineral wealth, its flocks and herds, its institutions and industries, its colonists—English, Dutch, Portuguese, German—and their possessions, its native races and their characteristics, all are described with brevity and skill. Such a work must prove indispensable to all who are intimately associated with South Africa, since it fulfils to an unusual degree its chief purpose as a reliable and comprehensive work of reference. Apparently, no pains have been spared by the editor, Mr. Noble, to make this painstaking compilation readable as well as accurate, and we can fairly congratulate him on his success in both directions. The illustrations, of course, heighten the interest of the book, and an ample index renders its contents at once available.

The moralist, as well as the statistician, to say nothing of the cynic, may discover ample food for reflection in two volumes just published of "Annual Summaries, reprinted from the Times." A period of upwards of forty years is covered by this running commentary from year to year on men and movements, and to those who read the record with observant eyes, often a smile, sometimes a sigh, and occasionally a sneer is inevitable. This book of kings and chronicles opens with a characteristic flourish of trumpets over the Great Exhibition of 1851, which some people thought was the forerunner of the Millennium; and it closes with a tribute to the memory of Lord Tennyson, whose death darkened the autumn of 1892, and drew the whole English-speaking race together in the keen sense of common loss. Time has settled many

questions which bulk largely in these pages, and it has disposed hardly less effectually of many reputations which held the field when the world was younger by the lifetime of a generation. There are statements and admissions in these "Annual Summaries" which sound odd, and even slightly ridiculous, in the larger knowledge of to-day, and old prejudices leap to light in social and political verdicts which the growth of experience has brought to nought. The value of such a record—well-informed, comprehensive, pithy, and often acute—is not open to question, and as a capital index has been added to each volume, whoever will may obtain at least a passing glimpse of politics and society and a score of other subjects during the years which bridge the distance between 1851 and 1892. These "Annual Summaries" are like so many log-books of the good ship of the State, and, on the whole, they have been kept with accuracy, though not certainly with unerring judgment.

Mr. Charles Webb's "Tonic Sol-fa Method" is in reality a graduated manual of class-singing for the use of schools, and is intended to show the relation which exists between the tonic sol-fa and the staff notations. The method which Mr. Webb adopts is founded upon the two tetrachords of the scale, and the tones are introduced one by one in regular order in these exercises. It seems to us that by the careful and intelligent use of a work of this kind "sight-singing" may be cultivated with marked success. There are upwards of a hundred songs in the book, and those who master them in the way which Mr. Webb suggests will find that they have at the same time acquired much practical and sound knowledge. It is claimed that the exercises contained in this volume are sufficiently exacting to meet the requirements of pupils preparing for the elementary certificates of the Tonic Sol-fa College. In the hands of a competent teacher Mr. Webb's hints and exercises ought to prove of great practical assistance to beginners.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- THE SCALLYWAG. A Novel. By Grant Allen. Three vols. (Chatto & Windus.)
- THE QUARRY FARM. A Country Tale. By J. S. Fletcher. (Ward & Downey.)
- LIFE OF JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. By W. J. Linton. *Great Writers*. (Walter Scott.)
- THE HEART OF MONTROSE AND OTHER STORIES. By Esther Carr. (Fisher Unwin.)
- WORDSWORTH FOR THE YOUNG. With introduction and notes by J. C. Wright. (Jarrold & Sons.)
- THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPPYS, M.A., F.R.S. With Lord Braybrooke's notes. Edited with additions. By W. B. Wheatley, F.S.A. Vol. II. (G. Bell & Sons.)
- WUTHERING HEIGHTS. By Emily Brontë, and AGNES GREY by Anne Brontë. In two vols. *The Works of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë*. Vols. IX. and X. (J. M. Dent & Co.)
- DECLINED WITH THANKS. By E. Mulliner. (Henry & Co.)
- THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S, AND OTHER SKETCHES. By F. Anstey. Reprinted from *Punch*. (Longmans.)
- THE HAND OF ETHELBERTA. By Thomas Hardy. New Edition. (Sampson Low.)
- THE EXPOSITORY TIMES. Vol. IV. (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.)
- THE GOSPEL OF ST. PETER. Synoptical tables, with translation and critical apparatus. Edited by H. Von Schubert, D.D. Authorised English translation by Rev. John Macpherson, M.A. (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.)
- ABOUT HOLLAND: A PRACTICAL GUIDE FOR VISITORS. By G. E. Matheson. (Simpkin Marshall.)
- THE PASSING OF A MOOD. *Pseudonym Library*. (Fisher Unwin.)
- BALDUR: A LYRICAL DRAMA. By H. Orsmond Anderson. (Fisher Unwin.)
- SOME COUNTRY SIGHTS AND SOUNDS. By Phil Robinson. (Fisher Unwin.)
- PICTURES OF THE SOCIALISTIC FUTURE. By Eugene Richter. Authorised translation by H. Wright. (Swan Sonnenschein.)
- WILLIAM BLAKE; HIS LIFE, CHARACTER, AND GENIUS. By A. T. Story. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: THE proceedings in the House of Commons during the week have been unexpectedly pacific, and even tame. The Appropriation

Bill passed through all its stages without a single “burning question” being touched upon, and the session came to a temporary end yesterday in a most lamblike fashion. It would have been very different if Mr. Chamberlain had carried out his threat to make another vehement attack upon Ministers on the Appropriation Bill. But the member for West Birmingham clearly discovered that the time was not fitting for this further display of his vigour in invective, and, like a wise man, he avoided the risk of another fiasco. It is noticeable that, whenever he has been absent from the House during the present session, the temper of that assembly has been very much better than when he has been present.

AMONG the miscellaneous subjects discussed this week, probably none has been more important than that raised by Mr. Paul regarding the proceedings of Captain Lendy, an officer in the employment of the British South Africa Company. Captain Lendy has already been censured by Sir Henry Loch, the High Commissioner, and by Lord Knutsford, the late Secretary to the Colonies, for his extraordinary behaviour. It appears that, on very small provocation, Captain Lendy attacked the kraal of the chief N'gomo, killed that person, his son, and twenty-one other natives, and carried off forty-seven head of cattle. No real justification for this outrage was forthcoming, and Captain Lendy, as we have said, was censured even by a Tory Ministry. Mr. Paul did well, however, to call attention to the affair, because it throws an instructive, though by no means agreeable, light upon the state of things in Mashonaland, and shows the dangers to which we are always exposed from the rash and overbearing action of British officials who believe that they can always command the resources of the Empire, no matter how trivial or unjustifiable may be the quarrels in which they engage.

MR. ASQUITH'S reply on Wednesday afternoon to the remarks of Mr. Lowther on the use of the troops in connection with the disorders in the West Riding was both clear and satisfactory. It put the state of the law as well as the duty of the responsible Minister of the Crown plainly before the House and

the country, and showed that the charges which have been made against the Home Secretary by some of the Labour members are wholly unfounded. Mr. Asquith was rightly indignant that the men who had attacked him out of doors for having afforded the local authorities the assistance for which they asked, did not appear in the House of Commons to hear his answer to their charges. If anything, he was a trifle too apologetic in explaining the imperative character of the duty cast upon him by the law, but this is a failing which leans to virtue's side. Both masters and men know that order will be maintained by the present Government, and lawless violence repressed as effectually as by any Ministry that ever existed. As to the promised inquiry into the circumstances of the shooting at Ackton, it is highly desirable that it should be held if only to put an end to the differences of opinion prevailing with regard to the action of the magistrats and police. The sooner we know the truth about the whole melancholy affair the better.

THERE is a natural lull in the political world. Our legislators are holiday-making, and political controversy has, for the moment, almost ceased. There will be a temporary revival of interest next week when Mr. Gladstone addresses his constituents in Edinburgh; but the brief recess promises, on the whole, to be uneventful. Some Opposition writers seem to take encouragement from this. Where, they ask, are the signs of popular indignation at the recent action of the House of Lords? The answer to the question is simple enough. The Liberal party, having known for many months that the rejection of the Home Rule Bill by the Peers was inevitable, could hardly be expected to receive the event, when it actually happened, with an access of fury. For the present it is content to register its protest against the Peers, and to bide its time. Its “plan of campaign” duly exists, as will at the right time be made apparent; but it is no part of the Liberal policy to embark upon a violent agitation against the House of Lords until the moment comes when that agitation can not only be begun, but carried through with effect.

In the meantime, the friends of the House of Lords might be asked where the promised enthusiasm which was to give the Peers the assurance that in throwing out the Home Rule Bill they were carrying out the dearest wishes of the people of this country is to be found. No sign of it is apparent in Great Britain, and even the demonstrations of joy in Ulster have been few in number and feeble in

character. Before our critics jeer at the quietude of the Liberal party, they would do well to see whether they cannot whip up some small show of enthusiasm in the Tory ranks. There is one particularly dishonest weapon, which some of them are now using, that deserves notice. This is the assertion that in throwing out the Home Rule Bill the Peers fulfilled the dearest wishes of a large number of Mr. Gladstone's supporters in the House of Commons. That is to say, many of those who were returned to the House as Home Rulers, and who voted at every stage in favour of the Home Rule Bill, are hypocrites who, in secret, desire nothing more earnestly than the defeat of Home Rule. It is difficult to understand the motives of men who promulgate this glaring falsehood, for a falsehood it unquestionably is. They pretend to know the secret thoughts of Home Rulers better than Home Rulers themselves do, and they trust that the stupidity of those whom they are seeking to influence will lead them to accept a statement which, on the face of it, is nothing more than a malicious invention.

SIR HENRY NORMAN'S withdrawal of his acceptance of the Governor-Generalship of India is much to be regretted, though it cannot be denied that the reason he alleges for this step is sufficient. The Prime Minister will not find it an easy task to replace Sir Henry, for at the present moment the "strong man" who is needed in India—and India always needs a strong man—must be a wise and discreet man also. Lord Spencer would doubtless make an ideal Viceroy; but his value to the Government at home is so great that it is difficult to see how he could be spared. Lord Herschell would also be acceptable to all parties, if he were willing to exchange the woollen sack for the semi-Imperial throne. There are good men, too, among the younger Liberal peers, as the *Daily News* has reminded us. But it must not be forgotten that the nomination of Sir Henry Norman has practically enlarged the circle from which Indian Viceroys are chosen. Mr. Gladstone may, in these circumstances, select one who is even now as completely outside the reach of speculative gossip as Sir Henry Norman was before his appointment was actually announced. In old times it was thought sufficient to qualify a peer to be Viceroy that he had been a Cabinet Minister. The qualification that was ample for a peer ought not to be insufficient for a commoner.

THE debates which took place on Wednesday and Thursday on Indian affairs were a good symptom in more than one way. They showed, for one thing, that the House of Commons is beginning to take a much keener interest in our great dependency than has hitherto been its custom. This fact will bring with itself in time the corrective both of the sort of fussy interference which Indian statesmen dread from the popular Chamber, and of the mischiefs of narrow and cast-iron officialism which people at home are often right in dreading from the methods of Indian administration. Neglect of the House of Commons has been one of the chief grievances of which India has had reason to complain. It has resulted, on the one hand, in the statement of native demands assuming an extreme and sometimes reckless accent; and, on the other, in Indian officials having more freedom from the sense of being supervised than is good for them. When the House of Commons gives more study and attention to the case of India our democracy will have a sounder idea of the nature of this great Imperial responsibility, and natives of India, feeling that their welfare is not an object of utter indifference to the Imperial Legislature, will view with more patience the difficult but steady, if not extremely rapid, progress of reform. We shall not then have responsible members of Parliament getting up in their place and

attacking our work in India, which is certainly the noblest chapter in our Imperial history, if not one of the brightest achievements of civilisation, as a mere exploitation of an oppressed people by a set of selfish officials; nor shall we have gentlemen like Sir George Chesney speaking of the just ambitions of the Indian natives—ambitions which it has been the object of our rule deliberately to cultivate—in language of exasperating insolence. When the House of Commons gets more into the habit of thrashing out the realities of the Indian question, it will tolerate neither the one class of folly nor the other.

WE agree with the wisdom of the Government in refusing with so little hesitation the demand made to overhaul the government of India by a roving Royal Commission. Such a Commission, especially if resulting from a demand put forward in an aggressively hostile spirit, could only produce incalculable mischief. It would be precisely the sort of trifling with Indian administration which does more to weaken its hand and to aggravate its difficulties than any other cause. If overhauling of the administration has to be done—and there is no reason why it should not be done constantly and systematically—that duty, as Sir William Harcourt said, had best be discharged by Her Majesty's Government, assisted and prompted as it will be by the useful efforts of gentlemen in the House of Commons who bring forward these specific grievances and abuses. Reformers at home ought to try and bear in mind the fact that India is a country of three hundred millions of people of differing and conflicting races and religions, speaking some 97 languages and 243 dialects, and that the small colony of Englishmen who maintain a homogeneous rule amongst them are almost entirely dependent for their security and efficiency on prestige. Prestige is more necessary to our position in India than bayonets.

BOTH in England and throughout Western Europe, with one exception, the cholera scare is declining, and the disease gradually dying down. The exception is at Hamburg. There the new water supply opened last year had become contaminated accidentally with polluted water from the Elbe, and the civic authorities appear to have been culpably negligent (as some of them were last year) in announcing the outbreak of cholera which has taken place in consequence. At Hull, Grimsby, and Cleethorpes—except so far as this new danger is concerned—there seems to be little cause for alarm. The fine imposed on a skipper this week for allowing Jewish immigrants suspected of being infected to land without inspection, "through inadvertence," may probably help to check similar accidents in future.

WE publish in another column a letter from Sir John Lubbock, pointing out, in reply to an allusion in a recent article in *THE SPEAKER*, that "so far from proportional representation being a mere fad believed in only by Mr. Courtney and 'himself,'" it has been for years in operation in Denmark, it has been recently adopted in more than one of the Swiss cantons, and is actually in operation in our School Board elections." Quite so; we believe that the State of Illinois might be added to the list. But there are distinctions: *distinguiamus*. The Swiss cantons in question are Geneva, Neuchâtel, and Ticino; the methods are not, we believe, precisely alike in each, but they differ widely both from the system of a "single transferable vote" favoured by Sir John Lubbock, and from that which in our School Board elections often produces such surprising results; and the complicated calculations and exasperating fractions involved make the working an extremely lengthy process and now and then excite suspicions of foul play. We have had

occasion to chronicle in these columns how at one election in Ticino the Conservative party so worked the machine as to provoke the abstention of the Liberals *en masse*; how, at another, the minority of voters obtained a majority of representatives—which is “minority representation” indeed—and how at the cantonal elections in Geneva it took, if we remember rightly, from Sunday evening till Thursday morning to get out the results. Moreover, the fact that two, or three, or four systems are in operation is hardly evidence in favour of another which is not.

GRADUALLY a settlement of the coal strike is approaching, though the language of the miners’ advocates indicates that they regard it only as a temporary one. A conference of representatives of both sides is proposed by the masters, and under consideration by the men. Whatever the attitude of either party at the outset, such conferences usually result in compromise. Meanwhile, a number of the men have returned to work at the old wages pending a settlement of the dispute.

THE Report of the Royal Commission on the Water Supply of London is at once reassuring and distinctly disappointing. It speaks in very high terms of the present water—to the excellence of which Sir Henry Roscoe also testified last week in these columns—and gives hope that measures may soon be taken to protect the Thames and Lea from most of the pollution which their waters now undergo. But it condemns us to drink water from our present sources, supplemented by wells and springs in the Lea valley, for at least another generation and a half, and then we are to go not to the Chilterns, or to Bala Lake, but to the basin of the Medway. Liverpool and Manchester are still to have the advantage of London; and Londoners are still to be compelled to drink water which, in the nature of things, must to a very great extent have been used by at least one set of human beings before. It may be healthy, but there is a certain sentiment against it which is proof against all the assurances of all the most eminent authorities.

ALL this week the Continental manufacturers of war rumours have been busier than they have been for many months past. France, we are told, is to cede Russia a coaling station in the Mediterranean, probably at Bizerta in Tunis, the fortification of which has often been a subject of comment in the Italian Press and Chamber, and perhaps another at Obock, commanding the entrance to the Red Sea. England is to protest against the cession, and to make it a *casus belli*. The visit of the English Mediterranean fleet to Taranto is not only to be taken as a counter-demonstration to the fraternisations of Toulon, but German and Austrian fleets are to cruise off the Italian coast meanwhile, and the proceedings are to be wound up by a display of the naval power of the consolidated Quadruple Alliance. With more reason Wednesday last was looked forward to with some apprehension in Italy, as the anniversary of the occupation of Rome by Italian troops in 1870; and fresh anti-French demonstrations were feared. Police precautions, however, were taken, and the day apparently passed off quietly. All that is certain is that great preparations are being made both in Toulon and in various towns throughout France which have invited detachments of the Russian crews, for the entertainment of their guests; but that the first enthusiasm is passing, the press is more moderate in its expressions, and a proposal to rename various streets in Paris in

honour of the occasion—for instance, to convert the Boulevard des Italiens into the Boulevard de Cronstadt—has not been favourably received.

It is true that the visit long ago arranged by our fleet to Italy times rather awkwardly with the manifestation at Toulon, and that some of the *gobe-mouches* both in Germany and France have been able to see in the fact something of a counter-demonstration. Prince Bismarck’s organ, however, is not so foolish. While attacking us for our “selfishness” (on what other principle at bottom, we should like to know, does any enlightened nation direct its foreign policy?), it not only warns its readers that England has no intention of joining the Triple Alliance, but goes to the pains of explaining the very good reasons England has for avoiding this complication. It is easy to see what the Triple Alliance could gain from England, but what England has to gain from the Triple Alliance is in the highest degree problematical; for if we were engaged in an Asiatic war with Russia to-morrow, Germany, as the *Hamburger Nachrichten* reminds us, would “ask herself with perfect coolness” whether she could not “do better business by leaving us in the lurch.” Being exceedingly alive to this probability, England will continue pursuing her policy of “selfish” but most desirable independence.

WHILE the coal strike in England is gradually collapsing, attempts are still being made to call out the miners of France and Belgium. In the latter country a ballot of miners—miscalled, of course, a Referendum—has shown an almost unanimous vote in favour of a strike; but the abstentions are so numerous that the movement has had little practical result. In the Department of the Pas de Calais the miners are mostly out, and the movement has begun, though feebly, in the Nord. The fact is, the new Socialistic party in the Chamber sees its opportunity for testing its strength in the country, and is therefore exploiting the strikers. The Government also sees its opportunity for avoiding a repetition of the blunders committed by M. Loubet’s Cabinet last year in the affair at Carmaux, and is drafting troops into the districts affected, thereby, no doubt, winning much *bourgeois* goodwill. The strike will afford the first opportunity of testing the Arbitration Act passed last December. This Act institutes a tribunal of delegates of both parties under the presidency of the *juge de paix*—a tribunal the constitution of which may be proposed by either party, and is not compulsory; but much is hoped from the effect on public opinion of a refusal of either party to accept it.

THE existence of the strike may have an important bearing on a question now agitating part of the Paris press—When is the new Chamber to meet? Legally it cannot meet till after October 14th, when the powers of its predecessor legally expire; and the supporters of the Ministry urge the necessity of providing a practical, businesslike Ministerial programme, which, as it is to be largely financial, must take a considerable time. And, of course, it will be simply advertising the Socialists if the Ministry exposes itself to daily interpellations on the question of the strike; while if M. Dupuy can point with modest assurance to the contrast between the Pas de Calais in 1893 and Carmaux in 1892, he will go far towards securing that majority which is all that is wanting for the stability of his Cabinet.

THE German Emperor has given Europe a new surprise—this time a pleasant one. His friendly expression of sympathy for Prince Bismarck in his illness, and offer of hospitality to him in an Imperial

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY’S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

residence in view of the inclemency of the climate of Friedrichsruhe for an invalid—to be followed, it is said, by an Imperial visit to Kissingen—has been warmly welcomed in Germany, and is precisely the sort of kindly action which appeals most forcibly to the popular mind. Cynics, of course, are saying that the Emperor's real motive is to gain the aid of his former Chancellor in surmounting the difficulties (which look worse than ever) of finding the money for the military scheme, and are asking what Count Caprivi has to say in the matter. It seems clear, however, that the latter was fully informed of the project, and it is at least premature to suppose that his success in the first stages of the military reforms is to be rewarded by supersession before the next. The reconciliation is attributed to the influence of Baron von Mittnacht, the Kings of Württemberg and Saxony, and finally to the Emperor of Austria during the presence of Wilhelm II. at the manoeuvres.

THE Session of the Dutch Chamber which was formally opened on Tuesday by the Queen-Regent will be chiefly occupied with that measure of Parliamentary reform which has aroused so much alarm in the Liberal party. As it stands, the Bill extends the franchise to all male adults who are neither illiterate nor recipients of charitable relief. Fear of Socialism in the great cities and in the North, and of sacerdotal tyranny in the Catholic South, has led various Dissident Liberal members to propose amendments raising the minimum age (it is curious how in Holland, as in Belgium, both parties fear the younger workmen), and maintaining a small property qualification or introducing the Belgian plural vote. It is quite possible, however, that all these amendments may be rejected as well as the principle of the Bill, which is not likely to pass as it stands. Whatever happens, a dissolution in December is probable, provided the Queen-Regent consents; and it is more likely if no conclusion is reached than if one of the amendments is adopted. In any case the country is threatened with an acute popular agitation, chiefly conducted by Socialists. For this, as we noted last week, the conditions of labour in Holland afford excellent material. Should a conflict arise also between the Queen and the present Ministry, it is not impossible—as we have before noted—that the future of the Monarchy may be endangered.

THE long-expected Ministerial crisis in Italy draws nearer; it has not come yet. The Minister of Justice, indeed, has resigned—it is alleged, because he disapproves of the conduct of his colleagues in connection with the impending revelations in the "Panamino" banking scandals, which they have long done their best to minimise. Signor Crispi, meanwhile, is reported to be making a kind of triumphal progress through Sicily, and to be secure of an enthusiastic welcome at Naples—where the cab strike and the riots have left the populace in a mood for demonstrations, especially against the Government. Meanwhile the financial situation is apparently getting worse, and it is rumoured that—following the example of Argentina—Customs duties in Italy will shortly be made payable in gold.

IN another column a Czech correspondent deals from the point of view of his nationality with the present situation in Bohemia. We need only here note that the anti-dynastic and anti-German manifestations are very widespread, and that it is rumoured the action of the Government in suppressing the right of free association and the freedom of the press has provoked the resignation of the Minister of Justice. In Hungary, too, there is fresh and serious trouble brewing with the Roumanians. A circumstantial account has been published as to two attempts (ascribed to the instigation of a Rou-

manian priest) to derail the Emperor's train while he was on his way to the manoeuvres. Something serious seems to have occurred, though the full story is unconfirmed. Evidently the Governments of the Dual Monarchy have ample cause for anxiety. The Old Czechs, indeed, are stated in the telegrams to repudiate the Young Czechs, and have to a considerable following, in Moravia especially. But the history of revolutions and "national" movements indicates that "Moderates" have little chance.

WE have been so accustomed to look to the Balkan States for the occasion of the cataclysm which most of us expect to see sooner or later in Europe, that it is satisfactory to find the severe strain in the relations between the Western Powers partly compensated just now by perfect tranquillity in the East of the Continent. In Bulgaria the municipal elections have resulted in an emphatic expression of confidence in the existing régime, almost as emphatic as in the Parliamentary elections some months ago. In Serbia the young King, in his progress through the country, has everywhere been received with enthusiasm; and by a happy inspiration—whether the thought was his own or that of a more experienced person—he has taken occasion to pay formal honour to the tomb of Karageorge, the liberator of Serbia, whose descendants are the hereditary foes of his own family. Their present representative—Prince Peter Karageorgevitch, an exile watching his opportunity from Montenegro—has, nevertheless, expressed his gratitude for and appreciation of the act. It is alleged that the King intends to go further, and meditates the recall of the Pretender from exile, provided he will renounce his claims to the succession. That, however, would hardly be prudent in view of the dangers set forth in our columns by a Serbian correspondent at the time of the Royal *coup d'état* last April, which may arise if the King is unable to satisfy the Radical demands; or, we may add, if the impending prosecution of the late Liberal Ministry produces a fresh crop of political hatreds.

THE Brazilian Revolution, of which the success is hourly expected, seems to have been occasioned by a constitutional difficulty, in which the ex-President Peixoto was technically in the right. The Chamber, which had hitherto been devoted to him, had passed a law virtually altering the text of the Constitution by making absolute the ineligibility of the Vice-President to be elected to the Presidency, if he has served as President through the death or removal of the elected holder of that office—an ineligibility now limited to the next four years' term of office—and disqualifying him for the Vice-Presidency in future as well. Clearly this was a blow at President Peixoto; and because he vetoed it—constitutionally enough, but in his own interest—Admiral de Mello, one of his warmest supporters when Fonseca was overthrown, revolted, and took the Navy with him. For the last few days the revolution has been a repetition of the usual horrors of a South American Civil War. Will the triumph of the insurgents bring back the Monarchy? There are rumours that Admiral de Mello desires this, but it is hardly probable. The result is more likely to disintegrate the United States of Brazil. And in the ordinary course of things a General Election is due next month.

IN Argentina there is apparently general disintegration, and the troops sent to quell the "revolt" in Tucuman have fraternised with the insurgents and expelled the Governor. Moreover, active steps are being taken to prevent an overthrow of the Federal Government by arresting Radical leaders and mobilising the National Guard. Hopeful assurances have been again given as to the settlement

with the bondholders, and the Stock Exchange has not, so far, been greatly disturbed.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, etc. FROM the first the *Economic Journal* has appealed to a wider public than that of professed economists. The current number exhibits this tendency in two articles of special interest. One, modestly called by its author, Miss Foley, an "economic digest" of the relations between fashion and economic problems, makes out a creditable defence for the caprices of her sex on the ground that the variations in demand they produce, create versatility in producers, and tend to prevent either overstocking the market or reliance on one industry as the sole means of support. This is the outcome of an article displaying much miscellaneous learning and citing the most varied collection of authorities we ever remember to have seen—from Chaucer to Herbert Spencer, and Roscher to the German Consul at Port Elizabeth. Mr. W. E. Bear's article on the problems before the Agricultural Commission makes a strong point of the effect, in depressing prices, of the system of gambling in "futures" and "options," which is established in the United States and their outpost Liverpool, and is finding its way into London. The amount of real grain in the market is multiplied—for gambling purposes—under this system, about ninety-fold by purely imaginary grain. The effect on prices of this fictitious glut is obvious, and it is aggravated by the fact that the professional speculators—the "bookmakers" of the Produce Exchanges—are, as a rule, "bears."

TAKING advantage of the lull in politics, the Institute of Journalists is holding its annual meeting in London this week. The Institute is a useful body which can do much to elevate the character and status of journalism as a calling. It can never hope to convert it into a close profession; nor will the wise men among its members desire to make the attempt. But it can do much to secure for journalists in remote districts the kind of recognition which they are sure of obtaining in great cities, and it can provide for an organised resistance to any changes in the law which would affect journalists injuriously. It is clearly a body which deserves the sympathy and support not only of the Press as a whole, but of the general public. Many distinguished journalists and writers are taking part in this week's proceedings, the most notable being M. Zola.

M. ZOLA, by the way, has recently been delivering himself in a French contemporary on the subject of universal suffrage and politics generally, of both of which things, somewhat to our surprise—for we understood him from some of his utterances to be very proletarian, and from others to cherish the intention of going into politics himself—he takes a violently pessimistic view. On Universal Suffrage he says he sides with Taine, Littré, and Renan, who "recoil from the idea of placing the Government in the hands of the entire nation," "an empiricism which makes straight for the charlatanism of mediocrities." As for politics, "I hate it," he says, "for the empty sound with which it deafens us, and for the puny men whom it imposes on us."

OBITUARY. SIR ALEXANDER GALT, the son of the prolific Scottish novelist who may be chiefly known to future generations as practically the inventor of the word "utilitarian," had been a very prominent figure in the political life of Canada in the fifties and sixties, and had done good service as a Finance Minister. In later years he had held various high posts of a more or less diplomatic nature in the service of the Dominion, and had represented it at the Fisheries Exhibition. Mr.

H. S. Tremenheere had held high posts in the Civil Service, had served on many Royal Commissions, and had written works of some value on various subjects of political science. Count C. de Bylandt had long been prominent in London society and the diplomatic world as Minister of the Netherlands in London. Mr. C. W. Heaton was a well-known and successful teacher of Chemistry at Charing Cross Hospital and elsewhere. Dr. Charles Clay was a distinguished medical practitioner of Manchester and an eminent gynaecologist. Miss Henrietta Montalba was the younger sister of the better known artist, Miss Clara Montalba. M. Benoît Malon had helped to found the International, and had suffered as a Labour agitator under the Empire and a member of the Paris Commune. An earnest, self-taught Socialist, he had written much on the theory and history of his creed.

THE LESSON OF THE SESSION.

LOOKING back upon the Session which was suspended yesterday, the first thing that will strike most persons is the remarkable way in which the predictions of the "knowing" ones have been falsified. Twelve months ago those of us who ventured to predict that Mr. Gladstone would still be in office in September, 1893, and that the House of Commons elected in July, 1892, would still be sitting, were scoffed at for our foolish credulity. Every man who imagined that he knew anything of the inner side of politics was prepared with a score of excellent reasons for rejecting this sanguine belief. Ministers would never be able to agree to a Home Rule Bill among themselves; if they did surmount this first fence, they would certainly never get the Scotch and English members to agree together with regard to any scheme that was likely to be accepted by the representatives of Ireland; and if—by some miracle—this difficulty were got over, there was the certainty that the Irish members, who were already split into Parnellites and Anti-Parnellites, would quarrel still further amongst themselves, and eventually quarrel with the Government. "What can you expect with a majority of barely forty?" was the cry of these wise ones. "How can the Irishmen remain at Westminster to support your measures, even if they are inclined to be loyal—which nobody believes? The whole thing is preposterous. Your Home Rule Bill, if it is ever produced, cannot be carried, and the Government will go to pieces in Committee." We all heard it—this loud-tongued prophecy of ill. Nor was it only by our opponents that it was uttered. There were not a few staunch Radicals who shook their heads gloomily, and smiled incredulously when the notion of the Ministry's living through the Session was put forward by some hopeful but inexperienced politician. It needed a stout heart twelve months ago to face this torrent of gloomy prophecy. Those of us who did face it, and who persistently refused to accept the current doctrine as to the duration of life of the Government, have our exceeding great reward now. We have seen the croakers absolutely put to silence. We have seen Ministers accomplish what was declared to be impossible, and at this moment we have the satisfaction of knowing that, so far as popular opinion is concerned, the Government's "expectation of life" is positively better to-day than it was twelve months ago.

It is not, however, for the purpose of exulting over those from whom we differed last year that we desire to call attention to this remarkable feature of the Session. Let us admit at once that they were not without reasonable justification for their unfavourable estimate of our prospects. They would,

of course, have made a more accurate diagnosis of the position if they had borne in mind the very exceptional circumstances of the case; if they had remembered, for example, that our majority, though not a large one, represented the ultimate result after the Liberal party had undergone a prolonged and severe course of winnowing, during which it parted with almost all its doubtful elements. But failing their observation of this fact, they certainly seemed to be justified when they dwelt upon the hopelessness of the expectation that the British-Irish alliance would be maintained throughout the Session, and would exist in unimpaired strength even after the Home Rule Bill had been carried through all its stages in the House of Commons. How comes it that they have been so signally disappointed in their expectations? Their chief hopes, as we know, were built upon what they regarded as the certainty of Irish disloyalty. But they placed some reliance also upon the mixed character of the British majority, and especially upon the fact that it contained so uncertain an element as that of the Labour party. Well, there have been defections among the British members, but, strange to say, they have had nothing to do with the Labour party. Only one man has rattled in an open and barefaced manner, and this is one of the most obscure of the Metropolitan members, a person of absolutely no political importance, whose motives nobody pretends to understand. When the one man whom the magnetic forces of Liberal Unionism have succeeded in attracting from our side to theirs is this Mr. T. H. Bolton, we can afford to smile at last year's prophecies of wholesale desertion. But there have been, as we were told there would be, a certain number of what are vulgarly described as "cranks"—men who are prepared, that is to say, to sacrifice the greater to the less, and to imperil the existence of a Ministry in whose general policy they heartily concur for the sake of some fad of their own. But here again the cranks can hardly be said to have been drawn from the ranks of the Labour party. Mr. Saunders, we believe, sympathises with that party; but he cannot be identified with it. Mr. Rathbone is an eminently respectable Liberal of an old-fashioned type, and Mr. Wallace is a remarkably clever Scotchman with a keen sense of the value of self-advertisement. Not one of these gentlemen, nor all of them combined, has been able to do any serious injury to the Ministry; and so the great army of cranks, to whose good offices our opponents trusted so implicitly, have fallen short in the duty they were expected to discharge.

It was, however, to Irish disaffection that the prophets of evil chiefly trusted, and it is here that they have met with their most bitter disappointment. English and Scotch Liberals would be grievously wanting in gratitude if they failed to bear testimony to the extraordinary loyalty and fidelity with which the Irish members of both sections of the Nationalist party have stood by them during the past session. Mr. Redmond, it is true, has at times grumbled and put on an appearance of disaffection, but he has never done any act which could affect the Government or the cause of Home Rule unfavourably. As for the other and greater branch of the Nationalist party, it has shown a devotion to the common cause which has certainly not been surpassed and has probably hardly been equalled by any other section of the majority. We spoke last week of the way in which the Irish Estimates were got through. On Friday night even Mr. Balfour was constrained to congratulate Mr. Morley upon an unprecedented success. The Irish Nationalists, to whom in old days the Estimates afforded an opportunity of ventilating their grievances and

assailing the Government, of which they never failed to avail themselves to the fullest possible extent, were this year almost silent whilst the Irish votes were under discussion. Do our opponents realise the full significance of this changed attitude on the part of the Nationalist members? Do they understand all that is involved in the continued loyalty and good faith with which these men have maintained their alliance with us, often under circumstances that must have been very trying to their patience? Lord Salisbury and his Tory supporters scoff at the notion that the Irish members will ever cease to vex us with obstruction, even when Home Rule has become an accomplished fact. The answer to these sneers is the line taken by the Nationalists in the debates in Committee of Supply last week. What would not any Irish Secretary, whether Liberal or Conservative, have given in the old days for so smooth and expeditious a passage through those troubled waters? Wise men will see in the proceedings in the House of Commons on Thursday and Friday last week, a blessed omen of what may be looked for when we have lifted the everlasting "Irish question" from our shoulders and handed it over to be dealt with by Irishmen themselves. Our opponents again insist most strenuously that no matter what terms we make with Ireland, we can never conciliate her, and will never be able to count upon her loyalty or fidelity to the British connection. Our reply to this wicked aspersion upon the character of the Irish nation, is to point to the way in which the Irish members have carried out their part in the alliance with the Liberals of Great Britain. Greater fidelity, a higher sense of honour, a more eager willingness to make personal sacrifices for the sake of the common cause, could not have been shown by any men. Here, too, is an object-lesson as to what may be expected from Home Rule. Those who have shown such loyalty and discipline in the prolonged and trying struggles of the present Session, will not be found wanting in similar virtues when they represent a nation which has acquired, within well-defined limits, the right of managing its own affairs. We have to thank the Irish members, in the first place, for the steady and invaluable help they have given to the Government, but we do not know that we ought not to thank them still more heartily for having so splendidly falsified the evil prophecies of those who pretend to believe that loyalty and gratitude are virtues unknown to the Irish race.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AND SUPPLY.

THERE are many things about the House of Commons which strike the intelligent foreigner as absurd. The length of its debates, the tediousness of the procedure, the want of discrimination in the allotment of time, are not paralleled in any other legislature in the world. If the intelligent foreigner scoffed at them we should not be disposed to quarrel with him. But if he went on to scoff at the ancient institution known as Committee of Supply we should be inclined to draw the line. It is true our foreign friend would have a good *prima facie* case. The voting of money is the primary purpose of the House of Commons. The king's need of money made it. The Government's need of money gives it its power. Some sixty millions sterling are voted every year in the different departments of expenditure. The objects of the votes are incomparably more numerous and various than the subjects of legislation. Yet the House gives only some forty days in the Session to Supply,

and those its off days when most members are out of town. The vastly greater part of the money is voted by millions in September when the Whips can barely keep a House together. If by any chance Supply is taken when there is a full House, the House is too full to permit of businesslike discussion. Six hundred and seventy men cannot under any circumstances transact detailed business, and least of all when the chamber in which they sit is only big enough to comfortably hold 400. How much better would it be, says the foreign observer, if a Budget Committee were appointed of the men best qualified to deal with financial questions. The committee might fairly represent all sections of the House, and would thoroughly thrash out the Estimates at an earlier period of the Session.

We are very far from saying that there is nothing in this argument. The control of the House of Commons over finance is spasmodic and irregular. Supply is dull, and most members go away when it begins. It is even possible that the discussions in Supply were more thorough twenty years ago, before obstruction had begun, and when economy was not unpopular, than they are to-day. Yet, taking it altogether, the House of Commons probably maintains a more satisfactory control over the national expenditure than any other governing assembly in the world. If it takes more time over the earlier than the later votes, it does so because the vast majority of important questions arise on the earlier votes. Class I. of the Civil Service Estimates, for instance, contains the votes for Public Works and Buildings, which might most easily lend themselves to jobbery if they were neglected. Class II. contains votes for the various civil departments, such as the Treasury, the Home Office, the Foreign Office, the Colonial Office, the Board of Trade, the Local Government Board, and the Scotch and Irish Offices. Almost every question of civil administration can be raised on one or other of these votes. Law and Justice come in Class III., Education in Class IV., while most of the later votes are of a minor and miscellaneous kind which need less discussion. It may be that an occasional shifting of this stereotyped order—an occasional game of general post—would be advisable. The administration of the Royal palaces is too often discussed because it comes first, while the votes for the Post Office and Revenue Departments are not enough discussed, because they come last. But on the whole the division is a sound one, which leads to the debating of all the most important questions. Again, when it is said that a great many votes go undiscussed, it must be remembered that many items in the votes are the same year after year. It is usually perfectly right that such votes should go undiscussed. If they were discussed it would probably lead to their increase rather than their reduction, for more speeches are made not merely in this but in every assembly in the world calling for an increase than are made calling for a reduction of the national expenditure. If, as members of the Budget Committee can (to the horror of M. Waddington) actually do in France, members could move that votes be increased as well as diminished, Sir William Harcourt would have even less hope of a surplus than he has now. And, indeed, we go so far as to doubt whether the mere creation of a Budget Committee, even without the right of private financial initiative, would not increase expenditure. The Committee would lend itself more easily to log-rolling between members interested in various local schemes; whereas in the whole House, even when it is thinned and jaded at the end of Session, there is a healthy dislike of other people's jobs.

Another important difference between Committee

of the whole House and a Standing Committee is the fact that newspapers report the one, but do not, and never will, fully report the other. We are surprised that so keen a journalist as Mr. Stead, who advocates an indefinite extension of the committee system in this month's *Review of Reviews*, should have overlooked this important distinction. The report of speeches in Supply are too short to encourage personal vanity, but they are long enough to give due publicity to the administrative mistakes which are occasionally discovered and exposed. Ministers are kept up to their work, and are forced to keep their officials up to their work, by the fear of exposure. Some Ministers would not mind and some officials would not mind being exposed in Grand Committee, just as some people would not mind being divorced *in camera*. All this tends to make Committee of Supply, however defective, on the whole better than any conceivable substitute.

If, with the growing extent of the Empire, any reform is necessary, it would be rather in the direction so successfully followed by the Public Accounts Committee. The general public are hardly aware that twenty unofficial members of Parliament meet every week during the Session to examine the Appropriation Accounts in connection with the estimates, and to see that every penny which has been voted has been spent on the purpose for which it was voted. They are an unpaid audit committee, receiving the report of the Auditor-General and his subordinates, supervising the accounts with the help of that report, and reporting their conclusions to the House. The laborious work which they do is better recognised at Westminster than in the country. It has been notably and eminently successful. Other such committees might possibly do a useful work. The votes of Municipal Corporations are reported on—firstly, by the Committee supervising the works required; and, secondly, by the General Purposes or Finance Committee. To some extent the Minister in charge of the department takes the place of the first Committee, and the Cabinet as a whole takes the place of the Finance Committee. But we believe that occasionally a further report by a Select Committee of the House of Commons, made after hearing the explanations of the permanent officials, would be useful. Such a Select Committee, if it was only occasional, would not weaken the responsibility of Ministers, though in America, where such departmental committees are part of the permanent machinery of Congress, they have led to some interference with the functions of the executive. But the experiment would be successful only if it was modest and tentative. No change in the procedure of the House of Commons is likely to do good which weakens the scope and authority of Committee of Supply. And in the present transitional stage of our Parliamentary development, while large powers of legislation and a corresponding share of financial control are being devolved on local legislatures, it is probably better to let well alone. If Home Rule for Ireland is carried and the consequences which seem inevitable follow in Great Britain, the House of Commons as a whole will be able to perform, with all its old efficiency, the most ancient and important of its functions.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS AND THE COUNTRY.

THE Tory papers, we perceive, are making merry over what they regard as the abortive demonstrations of the Liberal Associations against the House of Lords. We need not stop to inquire whether the merriment which these demonstrations

excite among our opponents is real or feigned; in either case it is not very wise. There is no kind of sense, for example, in talking of the National Liberal Federation as a Tooley Street caucus. The Federation and its associated bodies do not pretend to be anything but what they are. They do not, for example, claim, as their critics constantly do, to speak in the name, not of a section, but of the whole body of the English public. They never pretend, as these Tory writers are so fond of doing, that they have a monopoly of the wisdom, the loyalty, and the patriotism of the nation. But they speak on behalf of a very powerful and substantial organisation—the great organisation of Liberal associations throughout the country—and, however displeasing the fact may be to the superior gentlemen who write leading articles in the morning and evening newspapers of London, they wield an amount of political power which is at least equal to that of their opponents and critics. Some of these critics find comfort under the protests of the Liberal Association against the action of the Peers from a wholly mistaken recollection of the events of 1884. According to them, the National Liberal Federation and the Liberals throughout the country did their utmost to discredit the House of Lords after its refusal to pass the County Franchise Bill. The business was, we are told, managed “regardless of expense and with very considerable artistic skill.” Great demonstrations took place in all the leading cities of England to protest against the action of the Peers. Yet in 1885, when the General Election took place, the party of the Peers—that is to say, the Tory party—was triumphant. These gentlemen have forgotten two very important facts, and we venture to say that if they had remembered either they would certainly not have made the grave mistake of deriving comfort for themselves in their present position from the events to which they have referred. They have forgotten, in the first place, that the demonstrations against the Peers on the question of the County Franchise Bill were completely successful. The Peers were told that they must yield, and they did yield, with however bad a grace. The manifestations of public opinion were not lost upon them, and they made haste to accept the Bill which they had rejected a few months previously. As to the majority of the Tory party in 1885, we confess that we are surprised that any opponent of Home Rule should have the hardihood to allude to it. That majority, as all the world knows, was gained by the compact between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Parnell. It was the Irish party which then threw its weight into the scale on behalf of Toryism and secured the Tory victory, such as it was.

It will be seen, then, that our opponents can hardly fortify themselves in their professed indifference to the present manifestations against the House of Lords by a reference to the events which attended the last protest of the same character. Nor are they likely to gain much comfort from the assertion which they make so freely that many of Mr. Gladstone's supporters actually wished the House of Lords to throw out the Home Rule Bill, and were immeasurably relieved when it did so. This, if you please, is a true exemplification of the spirit of Tooley Street. The men who make this monstrous and wholly false assertion profess to know more of the mind of the Liberal party than Liberals themselves do. When they find themselves compelled to lean upon a rotten reed as this their case must be well-nigh desperate. Some of them derive much satisfaction from the fact that one of the speakers at last Monday's meeting at the National Liberal Club stated that the time for the dissolution had not yet arrived. They regard this as a confession that the Govern-

ment and the Liberal party are afraid of an appeal to the country. Here, again, the cloven hoof of Tooley Street peeps out. Our opponents know what we feel and what we fear so much better than ourselves that it really seems almost hopeless to attempt to enlighten them. But perhaps even their limited intelligence may enable them to grasp the fact that, in the opinion of Liberals, if Mr. Gladstone were to dissolve now, merely because the Peers have acted according to their wont, and have for the moment obstructed the passing of a great measure, he would be admitting what all Liberals emphatically deny, the right of the House of Lords to compel a dissolution at its own wish. It is because we deny the existence of this right that we refuse to sanction the notion that the present is a fitting moment for an appeal to the country. Nor is this the only reason why Ministers do not now contemplate such a measure as a dissolution. They have other work to which they are deeply pledged, and they have other things to think of than the desires of their opponents. The supporters of the Government would rise in revolt if any scheme so preposterous as a dissolution were to be seriously contemplated before those Scotch and English Bills—the principle of which was affirmed at the last General Election—had been submitted to Parliament. On this point Ministers and their followers are of one mind; and, despite the hollow jeers of writers in the Tory press, they will take their own course and choose their own time for the appeal to the ultimate tribunal.

Last week we ventured to foreshadow the true policy of the Government. That policy is to carry through the House of Commons next session as large a number of Radical measures as can be compressed within the legislative year, and to send those measures up to the House of Lords for that House to take them or to leave them as it thinks fit. Whatever the Peers may do, they will, as we pointed out last week, be placed in a still worse position than that which they now occupy; and to speak quite frankly, it is one of the great objects of Liberals at this moment to set the Peers in their true light before the country, and to make their ridiculous privileges appear as obnoxious as possible to the great body of the electorate. The agitation against the Hereditary Chamber has but begun. Its rejection of the Home Rule Bill was an event foreseen from the beginning, and no Liberal regards it as a matter of serious importance, except so far as it brings into relief the monstrous character of this branch of the Legislature. How far the agitation will go, and what form it may take before the General Election comes round, no one can at present predict. But we can at least assure our opponents that when next an appeal is made to the country, the question which will come uppermost will be that of the House of Lords, and we do not believe that even they, when they fully realise this fact, will feel altogether comfortable as to the result of the struggle.

THE MASHONALAND CRISIS.

THE Parliamentary Papers relating to affairs in South and East Africa, which we discussed last week, have since been supplemented by an important Blue-Book concerning the British South Africa Company, and by two useful discussions this week in Committee of Supply. Dr. Jameson from Mashonaland is supplementing our information in his own way by a series of despatches announcing that Lobengula, like a Great Black Czar, is mobilising his armies on the frontier, and that the native chiefs

are getting each day more "terror-stricken." Without underrating the gravity of the situation, we must take leave to remain uninfluenced by anything coming from Dr. Jameson, so long as it stands alone. Sir Henry Loch has already warned the Imperial Government against his exaggerations, and has informed the gentleman himself, in a rather neat style, that the High Commissioner is not to be taken in by his got-up scares. The situation is ticklish enough, as the Chartered Company have managed to make it, but it amounts to this: that if the British South Africa Company want war, war there will be; and if they do not want war, war there need not be. Since Mr. Rhodes, we presume, has by this time been clearly given to understand that the consequence of a war involving Imperial assistance must be the withdrawal of the charter of the British South Africa Company—an alternative, by the way, which might have been stated with more emphasis than it was in Tuesday's debate—we are in good hopes still of seeing the sagacious Lo-Ben calling off his impi and accepting his monthly allowance once more, and Captain Lendy stabling his Nordenfolt-Maxim and his seven-pounder, at least for the winter.

Meanwhile, the Blue Book and the debate—but especially the Blue Book—throw a bright white light upon the manner in which this trouble has come about—upon the manner, indeed, in which these troubles do come about, and are bound, we fear, to continue coming about, until the end of the struggle for existence between white men and black. We do not take either a short, or a narrow, or a bigoted view of this matter. In discussing it before, we expressed the conviction that the inevitable ultimate doom of the Matabele was to go down before the white man. Their country is one of the richest in South Africa—as fatal a gift to the savage as beauty to an unprotected maiden—and whether they perish like the Redmen, slowly and miserably, in some malarial "reservation" in the interior on an allowance of Government blankets and rum, or die out quickly like the Maoris, or become the white man's servants like the Mashonas, their fate in the long run is to be crushed beneath the wheel of civilisation. We recognise (sadly), moreover, that too often in considering the expansion of the civilised races and the methods by which it is carried out, it is as well to take Sir Peter Teazle's advice and "leave honour out of the question." Whether it be with ourselves in South Africa or, say, with the French in Indo-China, a considerable breaking of moral eggs seems requisite to the making of these colonial omelettes. This much it is necessary to recognise in the spirit of philosophic veracity. At the same time, it would be a bad day for Christian England if her people came to look on at this sort of thing with cynical acquiescence, as at some cosmic process, and if no shock of indignation were excited by such offences against humanity and justice as are recorded in this South African Blue Book. Lobengula's Matabele may be savage and fierce, and at this moment may be frenzied with a thirst for the blood of white people; but no one who reads the Blue Book can have any doubt that those who are culpably responsible for working them up into this mood are the agents of the British South Africa Company. Some of the people of a Matabele chief, N'gomo, were suspected of stealing certain goods from the farm of a Mr. Bennett. The Chartered Company called on N'gomo to surrender himself and come in to Fort Salisbury for trial. It is not at all certain that N'gomo received their summons. At any rate, as he did not surrender, the Company sent Captain Lendy to "punish" him, who set forth for N'gomo's kraal with a detachment of police, a seven-pounder,

and a Nordenfolt-Maxim gun. "Some Volunteers," we are told, "although not called upon to do so, joined the expedition." They went just to see the fun. And fun they saw, for Captain Lendy with his detachment, his seven-pounder, and his Nordenfolt-Maxim, in cold blood killed poor N'gomo, his son, and no less than twenty-one of his people. Dr. Jameson described this deed as a "useful example," and reported that the natives in the vicinity were "thoroughly satisfied" (!) Sir Henry Loch viewed the matter in a different light; he condemned it. Lord Knutsford did not think his condemnation strong enough. "Proceedings of this character," wrote the Tory Colonial Secretary, "are likely to do incalculable damage to the British South Africa Company in public estimation in this country." Which is an excellent remark; but Captain Lendy is still commander of the forces in Mashonaland and Mr. Jameson is his administrator. The recent collision, that of July last, does not wear a much better complexion. Lobengula sent an impi, he says, to punish the Amaswini for cutting the Company's telegraph wires and stealing some of his own cattle. The company had complained to Lobengula of this tribe, and had refused to punish them themselves. While the impi was carrying out this little job, it impinged on the Mashonaland line, whereupon some of Captain Lendy's men fired on the warriors, killing thirty of them. This was followed up by a claim on Lobengula for compensation—a claim which has since been withdrawn. Some of Captain Lendy's men likewise indulged in a seizure of Lobengula's cattle. On second thoughts these cattle were returned, but Lobengula has refused to take them, and has sent back at the same time his allowance, which he now stigmatises as "blood money." So stands the *casus belli* at the present writing. "You, Mr. Moffat," says Lobengula in his letter, "you know very well that the white men have done this thing on purpose." It is hard to resist the suspicion that he may be right.

It is surely a strange state of things when irresponsible filibusterers not only can carry on such proceedings under the folds of the British flag, but can, by means of them, involve the Imperial Government in what Mr. Sydney Buxton well describes as "a serious and dangerous war," and compel the British taxpayer to pay for the whole performance. There ought not to be any illusion on this point; all this the British South Africa Company can do. Lord Knutsford and Lord Ripon have both warned Mr. Rhodes that he cannot count upon the Imperial Government for military aid, but the truth is that if the British South Africa Company and Lobengula are once engaged in a war in earnest, it will be impossible for the Imperial Government to keep out of it. Bechuanaland, an Imperial protectorate, will be threatened, to begin with, and unless the Company's 1,000 men can crush Lobengula's 20,000 by a sudden *coup de main*—which nobody expects—all it can do is defend its forts until the Imperial troops come up to save the British lives it has endangered. This the British South Africa Company know when they say they "want nothing and ask for nothing." They look forward to the Imperial Government fighting their big battle for them and opening up the splendid country of the exterminated Matabele to their future operations. It is they who want the war, and not Lobengula—who, as Sir Henry Loch points out, "dreads attack," but is forced (by the situation that has been created) to "talk big" before his people—and no mere threat of withholding Imperial military aid will check them in their policy. Nor do we believe in hampering the freedom of the Company by requiring them to take

no action without the consent of Downing Street. That is a precaution which cuts two ways, and which may enable the Company to plead, by-and-by, that all would have gone well if the Government had left them alone. It is wiser to leave them their initiative and their responsibility. The only effective check, and the only fair and logical one, is that which has already been applied by Lord Ripon when he warns them that any line of action tending to implicate the Imperial Government in the quarrels with Lobengula will be "fatal to their interests as a company." The meaning of these words is what we pointed out three weeks ago—namely, that the failure of the Company to perform its contracts, the failure implied in its necessitating Imperial military aid, must be followed by the withdrawal of its charter. We repeat, the appearance of Tommy Atkins in Mashonaland must be the signal for the disappearance of the British South Africa Company. The Imperial Government and the British taxpayer cannot pull chestnuts out of the fire for a body of private capitalists. If we are forced to spend lives and treasure in Mashonaland, it must be done as an Imperial concern pure and simple.

THE AFGHAN MISSION.

IT is somewhat unfortunate that at a moment when a mission from the Indian Government is at last on its way to Afghanistan, Sir Henry Norman should find himself unable, on second thoughts, to accept the splendid but arduous post which has been offered him. Everybody will appreciate his motives. An official of sixty-seven, doubtful of his health and power of work, might well shrink from the enormous responsibilities attaching to this the greatest Viceroyalty in the Empire; and one can but admire the conscientiousness and moral courage which have dictated his refusal. The presence of Sir Henry Norman, whose views on frontier questions are known to be sound, at the head of the Government of India would have been an additional guarantee for the success of the mission which started for Cabul this week. That mission, however, could hardly be stronger than it is, or set out under better auspices. It has been welcomed at the frontier by the Ameer's representatives with every sign of genuine cordiality; and we, for our part, are much better pleased that so delicate and momentous an undertaking is in the hands of Sir Mortimer Durand, the Indian Foreign Secretary, an experienced civil statesman, rather than in those of Lord Roberts, who is a soldier pure and simple, and by no means the least aggressive of the forward school.

It is high time that we came to a frank understanding with the Ameer. For some while past there has been a highly unpleasant tendency on the North-West frontier, both on his part, on ours, and on the part of Russia, to generate difficulties; and this tendency is in a large degree due both to the unsettled condition in which some of the frontier questions have been allowed to rest since 1873, and to the imperfect correspondence which has existed between us and Abdurrahman. We ourselves have been pursuing a policy amongst the frontier tribes which has excited the jealousy and suspicion of the Ameer on the one hand, and the rivalry of Russia on the other. Only last year we followed up our occupation of Gilgit by possessing ourselves of Chitral, on the death of the old Mehtar, and by seizing the stronghold of Nilt and the country of the Hunza-Nagars. The Ameer, perhaps not unnaturally, has

found himself tempted to emulate these achievements by a forward policy of his own. In the early part of last year, when punishing an offending village, he and his commander-in-chief made an attempt to annex Bajaur, and manifested similar designs on Waziristan and other independent States in the border region. His feeling towards us was not improved when the Indian Government interfered and warned him emphatically that no such aggressive action on his part could be tolerated. He has been for nearly a full year in a state of smouldering resentment, refusing every offer we made to send a mission to him, and it is only now that he is beginning to recover from the rebuff. Russia, on the other hand, has been distinctly prompted to activity by our movements. Our successful and brilliant seizure of Nilt, where we have deposed the independent ruler and formally installed, in presence of a Chinese envoy, a *Thum* of our own, has been a disagreeable morsel for the Russians; and there is little doubt that the operations in the Pamirs which began immediately afterwards were by way of an answer to this *coup*. No sensible person, whatever be his views on general frontier policy, can regard this sort of game of grabbing and countering as otherwise than unsatisfactory and dangerous to the last degree. It could not go on indefinitely without leading to serious mischief, and every season the state of things is bound to grow worse. Every season furnishes fresh temptations to Russian aggression, fresh incentives to the Indian forward party, and fresh food for misunderstanding and uneasiness to Abdurrahman.

There can be no better, indeed no other, way of putting an end to this situation than by a straightforward personal interview between the representative of the Indian Government and the Ameer. The Ameer's goodwill is essential to the success of any mixed frontier commission, and a mixed frontier commission for the purpose of demarcating the respective boundaries of Russia, India, Afghanistan, and China in the disputed regions—for completing the arrangement of 1873, in short, and leaving no doubtful line in the limits assigned to the two leading Powers concerned—is the chief definite result we look for from the mission of Sir Mortimer Durand. We do not happen to be Russophobists ourselves; we do not believe in the insatiable designs of the Russian Bear upon our Indian Empire, nor in his ability to carry out these designs even if he entertained them. On the contrary, we believe that it is possible for England and Russia to come to a perfectly sound understanding both as to their interests in the East and elsewhere; and holding the question of India to be now as much continental in its bearing as it is peninsular, we take a view of our policy towards Russia which is not that generally held in Jingo quarters. But the opinion which one section or the other of us may hold on this matter does not in any degree affect the desirability of having the Anglo-Russian frontiers in the North-West strictly and finally defined, and an end put to the possibility of misunderstanding regarding any point of them. Since the conquest of the Turcomans by Russia, and the building of the Trans-Caspian railway, this has grown a more intense necessity than ever. If Afghanistan is to be an effective buffer State, it can only be so by having its borders definitely trimmed, and no edges left to dispute about. Whether England and Russia are to develop their respective empires in Asia side by side in peace, or are to fight one day a desperate struggle for existence, this delimitation of their present boundaries is none the less a desideratum. We trust both the Foreign Offices will direct their efforts towards this end during Sir Mortimer Durand's stay at Cabul.

IS NATIONALISATION BEGINNING?

ON Wednesday morning the Fabian Society were able to feel that one of their most conspicuous adversaries had delivered itself into their hand. The industrial warfare in the Midlands had not only opened the way for the publication of a scheme that had been long known to be in contemplation, but had secured for it gratis a three-column advertisement in the largest type in the paper which is popularly regarded as *par excellence* the organ of the great capitalists of the most capitalistic country in the world. Naturally, there was no hint in the article in the *Times* of any term so unpopular as nationalisation or Socialism. The scheme was put forward on the authority of Sir George Elliott—who, as an ex-collier who has by his own exertions become a great capitalist, is precisely the kind of person whom an Individualist should most admire and a Socialist most condemn. It was advocated, not specially in the interests of the colliers, but from those mingled reasons of philanthropy and profit which are the most irritating part of the programme of a Chartered Company. Five per cent. interest on debentures as safe as Consols, and fifteen per cent. dividend on ordinary shares, were to be combined with higher wages, fewer accidents, and lower prices to the public. The struggling London poor were not forgotten: there was to be profit-sharing both for workmen and for consumers; there was to be democratic management—or, at least, representation; wages were to be fixed by agreement, subject to conciliation and arbitration; strikes were to be a thing of the past; and the whole capital employed was not to be much in excess of that of the London and North Western Railway, or even the Midland, alone. Surely, never were enduring peace and secure prosperity obtained over such a wide area at so small a cost.

Seriously, the project is so grandiose and so attractive, and it falls in so well with certain of the indications of our possible industrial future—indications well but not favourably known in America, and made rather too much of in a certain Fabian essay—that it claims very careful consideration. A colossal trust—the kind of body now known to American law as an association in restraint of trade, but in this case with its teeth drawn by a Government department—is to take over by agreement at a valuation all the collieries that produce coal for sale, paying for them in shares and debentures. After the dividend above stated has been paid on each, the excess is to be divided between employers, capitalists, and consumers, the latter in the form of a reduction of price. The Board of Trade, or other official personages, are to exercise specific and systematic supervision. There will be much greater economy in working when water may always be pumped and coal brought up by the most convenient route. There will be far less waste, and much more coal will be workable, when only engineering considerations as to boundaries need be taken into account. There will be a vast economy in expense of management when all directorates are absorbed into one huge system of a central Board ruling thirty district committees. There will always be an organisation complete ready to deal with wages questions. And the industry is free from one of the drawbacks to the development of trusts in America. There outsiders have come in and broken up the trusts, because competition was still profitable—or, at any rate, because the outsiders expected to be bought up. But here competition is *ex hypothesi* impossible. England is a larger holder of coal than all the rest of Europe together; and even if the Channel Tunnel should some day put French and

Belgian coal on the London market, it would not matter much.

Still, in spite of this attractive picture, we doubt if the trust will be created—until that ethical reform which is the pre-requisite of a socialised State. We see it said that the small colliery owners will not come in. We do not altogether see why they should; we do not all want to retire from business, even at a handsome increase of income. But we do know that the first step of trusts is usually to restrict the output—to pay factories large annual sums to stop working; and yet an ordinary trust is kept in order, not by actual, but by potential competition. Here, as we have said, there is no competition, nothing but a Board of Trade with a political chief, bound to consider the coal vote, and to balance it against the railway vote or the vote of the cotton or iron interests. Is it credible that the price would not be artificially sent up? and is it likely that the managers of the concern would not secure the larger share of the profits for themselves? Part would come back to the men as profit-sharing, part go to the consumer. But even so, would the division be fair?

The scheme has at least this relieving feature: that it professes to consider the consumers—the one factor never absent in industrial problems, a factor that Protectionists and Fabians and Labour champions seldom deign to notice at all. But as it stands, it is necessarily a producers' scheme, without the salutary checks of competition and division of producers' interests which form the great security everywhere of consumers to-day. Even under Government control, the existence of the gas and water monopolies is hardly so satisfactory that we need care to reproduce them on an indefinitely larger scale and in a concentrated form. The economy of management, too, will obviously involve an economy of labour as well as of everything else—a fact which will be contemplated more coolly by abstract economists than by the friends of the labourers themselves. Moreover, the concentration proposed involves a concentration of the forces of labour as well as of those of capital; and—so far—increases the danger of a labour dispute should it after all arise. Only one thing would justify such a scheme—the necessity, which must some day arise, of husbanding our national resources and checking the enormous waste of coal and power which low prices stimulate. But for the next fifty years at least that necessity is out of the question. Perhaps by that time we shall have got the ethical reform which will convert chartered companies into pure philanthropists and “coal barons” into volunteer servants of the public. Meanwhile, is it desirable to concentrate so large a share of the dangers to European industry and the maritime trade of the world in the hands of a body of capitalists indefinitely stronger than those who long have aggravated industrial warfare—greatly to the detriment even of the investor—in Pennsylvania, and kept in order only by the uncertain and strictly limited control of the Board of Trade?

FINANCE.

STAGNATION once more rules upon the Stock Exchange. The public is wisely keeping out of speculation, and there is not enough of investment going on to give employment to all the members of the Exchange. In the United States it is evident to every thinking man that there cannot be a very early recovery from so great a crisis; and it is plain that as long as there is uncertainty as to what Customs duties are to be charged trade will not become very active. In South America things are even worse. All through the week the revolted Brazilian fleet has

been bombarding Rio. In the City the general belief is that Admiral de Mello intends to play the part of General Monk, and that the late Emperor's grandson will be restored. But there are some who hold a different opinion, and think the Admiral does not see why all the good things should be left to the soldiers. What is the feeling of the general population we do not know, nor, indeed, what is going on even in the capital itself. But it is clear that there may be another revolution, and it is quite possible that there may be secession. The news from Argentina is little better. The President is utterly unfit for his position. The House of Representatives is split up into factions; in the Senate there is an Opposition majority; all the leaders of parties are playing each for his own hand, and in the Provinces revolution is rife. Nearly four months have passed since the Government formally concluded an agreement with the Rothschild Committee for the definitive settlement of the Foreign Debt, but the agreement apparently has not been even laid before Congress; at all events, it has not been confirmed. In Chili and Uruguay there is no actual fighting, but that is the most favourable thing that can be said. On the Continent there is a revival of war fears. Italy is rushing headlong to bankruptcy, and Spain is avoiding a declaration of insolvency only by incessant borrowing. In Australia there is utter exhaustion after the banking crash, and the several Colonial Governments are about to make another appeal to British investors for funds. In India the new currency policy of the Government has not succeeded up to the present, and the Indian Government, after borrowing in silver at home, is now borrowing in gold in London. Lastly, the coal strike is not yet at an end, though the prospect of a termination is better than it was. All this is quite enough to make those who have money very careful how they risk it. For three years disaster has followed upon disaster, involving multitudes in heavy losses. Prudent men have taken the lesson to heart, and are much less ready than they were to be beguiled by delusive hopes of large profits. Of course, the great staple business of the world is going on as it always does. The industrious are working as hard as ever they did, the thrifty are saving, and so the wealth of the world is quietly accumulating. After a time the mishaps will end, and confidence will revive. But if that is to come about quickly, speculation must be avoided. Meanwhile the careful investor may congratulate himself that he has now an opportunity, if he exercises right judgment, to buy with advantage to himself in many departments of the Stock Exchange.

The India Council, having failed practically to sell its bills and telegraphic transfers since the closing of the Indian mints, is obliged to borrow to meet its obligations next month. According to the Budget published in Calcutta last March the Council requires to raise in London during the twelve months ending with next March, in round figures 18½ millions sterling. Up to the present it has obtained less than six millions sterling. Almost half the financial year is over, and there are more than two-thirds of the amount to be got together somehow or other. The second half of the financial year is of course that in which there is always the larger demand for the Council's drafts, and it is possible, therefore, that the sales may soon become very large. But that they can amount to 18½ millions for the twelvemonth does not appear very probable at present. Meantime silver continues in exceedingly good demand for India and China, and the price is fluctuating between 34d. and 34½d. per ounce. On Thursday the directors of the Bank of England reduced their rate of discount from 4 per cent. to 3½ per cent. In the open market the rate of discount is little better than 2 per cent., and probably it will go lower unless there should be a strong demand for gold for Germany. The Imperial Bank of Germany, it is known, desires to increase largely its holding of the metal, and it may seize the favourable oppor-

tunity now offered to withdraw from the Bank of England in large amounts. There may also be a revival of the American demand.

REVIVAL AND REACTION AT THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE meeting of the British Association at Nottingham has been far more successful than was anticipated in almost every way. For the ancient University cities of Edinburgh, where it met in 1892, and Oxford, which is the appointed place for 1894, offered such special attractions that many *habitués* made up their minds that the selection of Nottingham gave a convenient opportunity for dropping a year. But the pretty site of the town, the convenience of its Midland situation, and the warm hospitality of the inhabitants, have given the present meeting a full average attendance. Complaints have indeed been rife that so many have been entertained privately that there has not been the facility for meeting friends which is the compensation for a week under a mercenary roof; and that the splendid Mendelssohn concert on Saturday, and Mr. Wilson Barrett's performance of "Pharaoh" on Wednesday, so generously offered by the town of sandstone hills to her guests, have further lessened the opportunities of social intercourse between members. The arrangements for business have been as perfect as the weather; and one may almost regret that the frequent showers or incessant downpours which usually drench the passer from one meeting-place to another have not occurred this year, to make us appreciate the close proximity of the Section-rooms to one another and to the Reception-room.

The meeting was honoured by many distinguished foreign guests; and the chemical section has become historical as the place where fluorine, that element which most nearly approaches the properties of Alkahest, the universal solvent of the alchemists, was for the first time isolated in this country. It had been first isolated by Moissan in the laboratory of the Sorbonne in Paris. Dr. Moissan, who was unfortunately unable to attend, was represented by his assistant, Dr. Meslans, with the requisite apparatus; and the success of the demonstration was only increased by the repeated inflammation of the substances used as accessories.

But the most remarkable feature of the Nottingham meeting has been the number of cases where theories supposed to have been long since condemned, executed, and decently buried, have started up to assert the injustice of their sentence, and to prove the inadequacy of executioner and sexton alike. The president of Section C made a strong plea for a return of the geologist to the belief in a uniformity of geological processes, involving as it does an increase of geological time far beyond that allowed by Lord Kelvin, whose limitations in this respect had implicitly condemned the uniformitarian theory of Lyell, and led to the substitution of a so-called evolutionism in the earth's history as the creed of most geologists. In Section F, Dr. Nicholson used the following words: "The central paradox which I propose to defend—the root of the whole series—is that the so-called orthodox or classical political economy, so far from being dead, is in full vigour, and that there is every sign of a marked reaction in favour of its principles and methods. . . . I shall try to show that the traditional English political economy has neither been banished to Saturn nor stifled by Socialism, and that it is in fact stronger than ever. . . . Although some of the more timid followers of the orthodox camp thought they had been killed when they were only frightened and awakened, the central positions are more secure than before."

But perhaps the most remarkable reappearance is that of vitalism in physiology, which, lurking unsuspected in the eloquent address of Dr. Burdon Sanderson (the president of the Association) on the

Wednesday night, came boldly forward to claim a new trial in Section D on Friday morning, Dr. Haldane, of Oxford, appearing as advocate, and a large number of speakers taking part in the debate; while the Section-room was crowded by spectators, who listened with the keenest interest to the reopening of this *cause célèbre*. Perhaps the speakers on the mechanical side were the better now, as they certainly were in the early Seventies, when the scientific creed of most of our present generation was settled for them, under the influence of such strong personalities and brilliant writers as Huxley and Haeckel. It is indeed a misfortune to science that in her controversies paid advocates cannot be engaged to fight the matter out without the prejudices of personal belief. In a trial of rival machines such as bicycles we can be certain that if, say, the "geared ordinary" is to be tried against the common "safety," the mounters of either machine will be picked athletes in full training, and with a thorough knowledge of all the points of the machine they ride; but when rival hypotheses are tried, we have no guarantee for fair play of this kind; and the hobby-horse is too frequently beaten and discarded through the fault of the rider.

The case of the mechanical school is really to be found in the words used in the presidential address:—

"The leading notion was that, however complicated the conditions under which vital energies [or, rather, processes] manifest themselves, they can be split into processes which are identical in nature with those of the non-living world; and, as a corollary to this, that the analysing of a vital process into its physical and chemical constituents, so as to bring these constituents into measurable relation with physical or chemical standards, is the only mode of investigating them which can lead to satisfactory results. . . . The methods of investigation being physical or chemical, the organism itself naturally came to be considered as a complex of such processes, and nothing more. In particular the idea of adaptation, which, as I have endeavoured to show, is not a consequence of organism, but its essence, was in a great measure lost sight of. . . . The word 'mechanism' came to be employed as the equivalent of 'process,' as if the constant concomitance or sequence of two events was in itself a sufficient reason for assuming a mechanical relation between them. As in daily life so also in science the mis-use of words leads to misconception. To assert that the link between *a* and *b* is mechanical, for no better reason than that *b* always follows *a*, is an error of statement which is apt to lead the incautious reader to imagine that the relation between *a* and *b* is understood, when, in fact, its nature may be wholly unknown. Whether or not at the time which we are considering some physiological writers showed a tendency to commit this error, I do not think that it found expression in any generally accepted theory of life."

Surely this very error did find expression in theories of life; and it has been widely accepted by scientific men, and preached by them enthusiastically to their pupils and to the general public. One wonders which is unfamiliar to Dr. Sanderson—the teachings of Haeckel, or the strong influence it has exerted on biological thought. Passing from these general statements, we find in another part of the address the following:—"The 'specific energy' of a part or organ . . . is simply the special action which it *normally* performs, its norma or rule of action being in each instance the *interest of the organism* as a whole of which it forms a part. . . . It thus stands for a characteristic of living structures which seems to be universal." In view of these extracts from the opening address it is hard to understand why in the course of the sectional discussion the author should have utterly condemned vitalism as profitless.

We must not forget that the position of the vitalist is now very different from what it was in the Seventies. Then he would have maintained that, though the matter of living beings was indeed identical with that of inanimate beings, yet the forces concerned were widely and essentially different; and he spoke of "vital force" in a very vague and illogical way. But at the present day the vitalist is usually a rigid determinist, and fully recognises that energy is only transformed in the organism, and no more created nor destroyed than matter. And in dwelling on the many great

differences in the transformation of matter and energy in the organism and in the inanimate being respectively, they only follow the teachings of some of the most eminent physicists.

The difference between the vitalistic and mechanical schools might indeed be regarded as mainly one of words; it is, however, one of ideas. As one of the speakers said, the tendency of the official physiology of the text-book and the laboratory, the lecture-room and the examination-hall, has been to narrow its field to the investigations that require the precise instruments of physics and chemistry, and to ignore the fruitful field now successfully tilled by the zoologist and the botanist, whose results are expressible only in the terminology of intelligent speech, not in grains, centimeters, seconds, and degrees. This is the cause of the aridity of so much modern physiology, almost divorced from the study of protoplasmic life, of experimental embryology, and of heredity.

The reaction showed itself in more ways than in this interesting discussion. The formation of a British Association Committee has been recommended, to investigate facts and statistics bearing on the influence of previous fertilisation on the offspring, and also on the influence of maternal impressions during pregnancy. The latter question, of "mothers' marks," is one that the physiology text-books had also regarded as settled in the negative; but it is a sign of the times that popular beliefs, condemned hastily by an earlier generation of scientific men, should now become the subjects of serious scientific investigation.

MARCUS HARTOG.

M. ZOLA IN LONDON.

M. ZOLA and several distinguished French journalists (including M. Magnard, of the *Figaro*, and M. Aurélien Scholl) are now in London as guests of the Journalists' Institute. We join with the rest of the British Press in offering them a hearty fraternal welcome. They come at a good time. The French and the English Press have only just left off girding at each other over a bitter and dangerous, though in all conscience, when viewed in the just perspective of things, a somewhat paltry, international quarrel. A charitable philosopher once declared that if everybody in this world could really see into the soul of his neighbour and account for his point of view, none of us would have the conscience to fall out with each other at all. It is not necessary to go quite thus far to admit that quarrels between nations, like quarrels between individuals, are most of the time the result of misunderstandings—of misunderstandings of motives, misconceptions of true interests, of an attitude of reserve and suspicion maintained towards one another. If the visit of the French journalists to their English brothers will have the effect of dispelling some of these misunderstandings in their case and ours, the affair may be something more useful than a mere junketing. Journalists nowadays, and in France more than elsewhere, wield a great power—we will not say on public opinion itself, so much as on the machinery through which public opinion is supposed to act in modern representative Governments—and there is no knowing what improvement might be effected in the relations of England and France if the leading journalists of both countries could come to know each other a little better.

We may hope that our guests will not lose sight of this possibility under the influence of the fearful and wonderful programme which the excellent Journalists' Institute has prepared for their entertainment—and its own. We shall look out with eager enjoyment for their impressions of the marvels they are to be brought to see; from the feast at the Guildhall, for which, as we have been repeatedly informed during the past week or two, the

Corporation have voted £2,500—there were to have been 4,000 guests, refreshments were to have been provided in the crypt, and “an eminent Lobby correspondent who is rarely at fault staked his reputation that the brand of wine served out would be that of G. H. Mumm” (so we read in the evening papers)—from this to Captain Boyton’s Water Show, and from Captain Boyton to the Crystal Palace, where the climax of artistic ingenuity in the service of British hospitality is to be furnished by “a portrait in fireworks of M. Zola.” The Frenchmen will probably be dazzled and bewildered by this latter. We could wish, for the sake of the full effect, that the Journalists’ Institute had kept this part of their programme secret, in order to spring it upon M. Zola and his friends after dinner as a complete surprise. As the portent rose in air, with catherine-wheels and Roman-candles issuing from its eyes and ears, M. Zola might have been asked to guess who it was. A right guess would have been a tribute to national portraiture as well as to national pyrotechny, and at the same time would have pleasingly enhanced the sensations of the distinguished original. There would have been more *esprit* and delicacy, it seems to us, about this manner of doing the thing. But perhaps, on this account, the compliment is more characteristic as it is. These Athenians in Boeotia—or, not to be too modest, let us say these Athenians in Rome—will doubtless find plenty to amuse and astonish them during their visit; and, as we say, we shall look out for the lambent play of their wit on the subject of their experiences when they return. But we feel sure these experiences will not be the cause of wit merely, but that our visitors, whether or not they are impressed by the massiveness, wealth, and enterprise of the British Press—qualities at least in which we are vain enough to think we excel—will not be insensible to the spirit, and the significance of it, in which our hospitality is meant.

As for M. Zola’s paper, we go to press before the reading of it at the Journalists’ Conference, and so must reserve our consideration of the matter until next week. We shall be curious to hear his views on journalism in general; for, if we are to judge by a recent article of his in a French contemporary, his opinion of political journalism is of the most withering. He “laughed in his corner,” he says, at the uprising of the little men of politics and the Press when the General Election gave them three weeks in which to deafen and sicken France with their cacophony. M. Zola’s visit to England, and his glorification by this highly proper and respectable nation, is something of a portent. May we suppose it is also something of an omen? The one-time apostle of Naturalism, as observers of his movements are aware, has of late been in process of executing a species of apostasy. With Maupassant he has buried the only possible transmitter of his traditions. The young men of the hour, he perceives, are turning away from his barren negations and his lugubrious fatalism, and the Academy, so long as he pursues his philosophy of the dung-heap, is steadily keeping its door shut in his face. There is reason to imagine that M. Zola himself is now turning his back upon his past, and that with the completion of the “Rougons-Macquarts” one chapter of his life is closed. With the blameless “Le Rêve,” and with the possibly still more blameless volume on Lourdes, we are getting a new Zola—a Zola *embourgeoisé*, a Zola *très correct*, a Zola who intends to go into the Senate as a successful British manufacturer goes into the House of Commons, and who hopes to end his days wearing a court sword and a green costume with palm-leaves worked in gold lace upon the collar and cuffs. What influence may not this visit to England have on M. Zola’s progress in respectability? If he passes muster with John Bull and Mrs. Grundy, what further certificate can the Immortals need from him? Who knows? The hall of Lincoln’s Inn may prove the ante-chamber to the French Academy.

THE LONGEVITY OF ANECDOTE.

IT would be a fascinating and improving task for a sober-minded person to trace the natural history of good stories, not omitting the tales which, for inscrutable reasons, have survived the ravages of time by no merit of their own. In such an undertaking the chief joy would be, of course, to witness the actual birth of a humorous incident, and then to watch its progress, its education, its introduction to good society, and its travels through the world. For instance, we learn from that mint of eccentricity, the Wills and Bequests, that a benevolent lady who lately died left a number of charitable legacies, including a thousand pounds to the Preston Branch of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews. Here, surely, is an unequalled opportunity for observing the effects of a stroke of unconscious humour. The sober-minded person to whom we have entrusted a great historical work ought to betake himself to Preston, obtain from a responsible local authority the exact number of Jews in Mr. Hanbury’s constituency, study on the spot the operation of conversion, calculate the cost per Jew, and tabulate the details as a practical commentary, such as Sydney Smith would have loved, on a certain form of missionary zeal. In due time the Preston Branch might be surprised to find itself the parent of a whole progeny of anecdotes, for a good story is a rolling stone which gathers incalculable moss. Happy is the naturalist who can pursue the whole process of accretion! Some day he may be President of the British Association, and deliver an address which shall throw more light on psychology than some of the researches which have been unfolded to that body. He may establish by incontestable evidence the authenticity of the earliest anecdote, and show that it is still hale and active in spite of its longevity. As a specimen of what perseverance may yield to a resolute antiquarian, let us take the case of a story which appeared with all the gloss of novelty in a contemporary this week. A Frenchman in Vienna was attracted by a peculiar hat in a shop window. He purchased it, but had not worn it long when he was surprised to find in one pocket of his overcoat a purse of gold, and in another a gold watch. Inquiry elicited the singular circumstance that his new hat was the chosen headgear of a gang of thieves, and that stolen valuables had been slipped into his pockets because he was supposed to be a member of the fraternity by a rascal who wanted to save his booty from the police.

Now it so happens that we can carry this story back at least a hundred years. It is to be found in an early volume of one of the oldest journals in this country, and for aught we can tell it was pretty ancient a century ago. It is a regular Old Parr amongst anecdotes, as it stands, though we suspect that its actual genesis is Oriental, and that it was told at discreet dinner parties in Bagdad in the days when the famous cream tarts were eaten with pepper. What is the peculiar virtue which makes it walk the earth with this deceptive air of youth? What are the properties of the elixir which is so capriciously distributed? For you cannot resist the suspicion that many a promising tale is cut off in its adolescent bloom, with no “Resurgam” to comfort its last moments, while some sturdy veteran is still plodding through the centuries, a sort of mendicant jest which receives a night’s lodging now and then as an absolute stranger, and is then forgotten for several generations. Some stories, not the best, have a capacity for transmigration which is perfectly Pythagorean. Malvolio defines the opinion of Pythagoras as that the soul of my grandam might haply inhabit a bird. There is many a grandam in anecdote who calmly inhabits the reputation of Sheridan or Sydney Smith. Abraham Hayward, with much indignation, reproved this practice when he found the witty Dean credited with the well-known answer to the physician who advised a walk upon an empty stomach. “The advice was to take *exercise*,” wrote Hayward testily, “and

the joke is older than Sydney Smith." To many this stickling for accuracy may seem needlessly fastidious, but Hayward was an anecdotal naturalist who was as much incensed by a blunder in classification as a botanist would be by a derangement of specimens in a museum. This subject of transmigration suggests a new field for Theosophy. Esoteric Buddhism might render the world a real service by auditing the ledger of the humour which has done duty through the ages in a variety of forms, and by liberating from unmerited tombs the anecdotes which died young, and which might usefully be restored to this mundane plane by theosophic influence.

Our sober-minded inquirer cannot fail to note a particular obstacle to the diffusion of good stories. Mere jealousy will sometimes generate a sort of jaundiced veracity which regards an unfamiliar anecdote with suspicion and dislike. It may chance to an expert story-teller to find himself in an atmosphere of this kind, and to learn that the most aged jest, which imparts no special credit to its retailer, may be more successful than an anecdote which is new to the company, and which sheds a halo of personal authority round the head of the narrator. It happened to one of the best *raconteurs* in London to fall into the society of some weather-bound wanderers in Sark. They regaled one another with the impersonal tale which excites no envy, until he thought it was high time to check the exhibition of stale motley by giving them a taste of original comedy. So he poured out stories of eminent contemporaries in politics and literature, till the darkling shadow of jealous misgiving deepened on the faces of his auditory, and the merry tales were received in chilling silence. At last one man inquired: "Did you know Tennyson personally?" "Oh, yes," said the story-teller, much tickled by the manifest scepticism of the questioner. "And have you ever spoken to Gladstone?" asked another. "Very often," was the reply. The company looked at one another, and there was a long pause. Presently they rose in a body and made for the billiard-room without a word. Passing the door of that apartment a few minutes later, the object of this pessimism heard an authoritative voice declare amidst a chorus of approval, "Well, he's the biggest liar I ever met in the whole course of my life!" Here is a piece of evidence, a human document, which the naturalist ought not to neglect, for it illustrates the penalties which may befall wide experience and signal accomplishment when exposed to the envious scorn of obscurity. Whether those tales told in Sark were subsequently narrated by everyone who heard them to admiring circles, or whether they were dismissed as outrages on the sacred name of truth, is a nice point in ethics to which the sober philosopher may devote a chapter.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

BOOKS about Victor Hugo are becoming what the wicked publisher in "Lavengro" called "a drug, sir, a drug!" Even books not about, but by, Victor Hugo are a little too frequent and free. The poet, as everybody knows, took careful precautions to survive himself, and to give posterity the illusion of the incessant production which he had made a law unto himself in life. Every other year appears some posthumous offspring of the Master—"Le Théâtre en Liberté," "La Fin de Satan," "Choses Vues," "Toute la Lyre." Time was that when the brains were out the man would die; but it has remained for Hugo to give a new significance to the phrase poetic immortality, an immortality with a shrewd eye on the publishing market and the limits of copyright. Thus is the great Hugo mirage kept up; but perhaps the new volume of the "Grands Écrivains Français" series (Paris: Hachette), "Victor Hugo," by M. Léopold Mabilleau, will do something to dispel it. It is not the least of M. Mabilleau's merits as a biographer that he refrains from "chatter about

Harriet." There were a good many Harriets, say the gossips, in Victor Hugo's long life (1802-1885), and as his private affairs, like, for that matter, his literary exercises, were always conducted with a plentiful lack of humour, he often gave the judicious cause to grieve. But he kept the Harriets as, his enemies would say, he kept most of the material facts of life, out of his "copy"; his poems were evolved, like the famous camel, out of his own consciousness, so that M. Mabilleau needs no excuse for confining himself solely to the poet's literary adventures. "La vraie vie d'un poète," says he, "c'est la poésie même."

Nevertheless, poets, like meaner mortals, have their dates, their every-day affairs, their club-foot to embitter, or their second-best bed to bequeath; and if Hugo had not been the child of a soldier of fortune, and born in the very crisis of the Napoleonic fever, he would not have had those early experiences of Italy and Spain to colour his later work, nor the Napoleonic conception of the grandiose, the colossal, to inform its spirit. It was something, too, to be born into an epoch when in poetry the nose was always called "narine," the pear a "long fruit d'or," and the arm was always "of alabaster, snow, or ivory," but never merely "white." This was the very nick of time for a young man with a new and extraordinarily copious vocabulary. Victor Hugo took the chance, and was henceforward for ever associated with the Romantic movement as its greatest name. It would be crude, perhaps, to say, with some overhasty epitomists, that Hugo started the Romantic movement—as Balbus built a wall. Indeed, there is no knowing when Romanticism began. M. Brunetière, for example, finds all Hugo's "epoch-making" ideas in Chateaubriand and Mme. de Staël, others trace them still further back to Bernardin de St. Pierre and Rousseau, while the coldest spirits of all, like M. Deschanel, discern Romanticism in the very heart of the classic century, in Corneille and Racine. Be that as it may, the "sachem of Romanticism," as the phrase-making Gautier called Chateaubriand, never consciously abdicated in favour of Hugo. There was no formal handing over of Elijah's mantle to Elisha. Elijah, in fact, wore no mantle, but a very stiff stock. "M. de Chateaubriand," says Hugo, "affected a military air; his neck was enveloped in a black cravat which hid the shirt-collar; a black frock-coat, buttoned up high, held his little bent body together." And Elijah had a trick of pontificating. "Monsieur Hugo; I am delighted to see you, . . . I don't care much for some of your later things, but what is fine in them is very fine." This was said, it appears, with an air of finality, of distributing marks, of putting everybody in his place, which sent Hugo off in a huff. But the disciple soon came to give the master points at his own game. By 1830 the young author of "Hernani" had already learned to pose, with his "monumental brow and the serious placidity of his visage," as Phœbus Apollo. He assumed the god, affected to nod, and seemed to shape the spheres. He talked of his heaven-sent mission; henceforward he had subjects, but no friends. In vain Villemain threatened him with the laughter of Voltaire, and Veuillot asked him how long he was going to "faire son métier de flambeau?" He was proof against ridicule, for he had no sense of humour.

However excellent as an equipment for a poet, this was not the best outfit for a politician, and in the Chamber Hugo, it must be admitted by his warmest admirers, cut but a sorry figure. It is an old story, this of the literary man in politics, Apollo among the shepherds of Admetus. The shepherds, if the truth must be told, shouted down Apollo as a bore. "Et Sabine? Où est Doña Sabine? Quelqu'un d'ici a-t-il vu Doña Sabine?" The poor poet had written a sonnet to Doña Sabine's eyebrow. Apollo was anything but the Sir Rupert of debate. For an attack on his former friend Montalembert he had gained the momentary applause of the Radicals, whom he had been elected to oppose.

Montalembert's reply was crushing: "The speech you have just heard has already received the chastisement it merits. I speak of the applause which saluted it." Nor was his Parliamentary style quite appropriate: "The people will let your laws dig their poor little nails into the granite of universal suffrage." These are scarcely the phrases to make majorities. Treated to a more robustious, periwig-pated figure than usual, the Chamber irreverently laughed. The poet got angry; they laughed the louder. "Your laughter will be in the *Moniteur*," he cried. "Greffier, write down that they laughed"—whereupon the laughter became delirious. After this, it is sufficiently clear that the exile to Guernsey was a blessing in disguise. If the exile was a great piece of luck, the moment of the poet's return, when he stepped into the comfortable post of interpreter of the passions and ideas of Revolutionary Paris, was a still greater. It was the return of Rip Van Winkle to a village which never suspected he had gone to sleep. Add that he had the supreme luck to live to old age, to be venerated for his years and grey beard, like M. Chevreul. And so he was present at his own canonisation.

There has since been no lack of devil's advocates—M. Lemaître and M. Faguet and the rest. But they have come too late. The world is agreed to say of Hugo what Johnson said of Goldsmith: "With all his faults he was a very great man." It is a signal merit in M. Mabilleau's book that, while it never shirks the faults, it is not blind to the greatness. M. Mabilleau writes with sobriety and elegance, and, to borrow Professor Burdon-Sanderson's recent quotation from Clerk Maxwell, shows us not only "what is the go of it," but what is the "particular go" of it—which is the very function for which such manuals as his are, we take it, intended.

THE DRAMA.

"THE TEMPTER"—"DOLLARS AND SENSE."

IN his rhymed prologue to *The Tempter*, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones bids us leave "crude modern persons" and "waken in Chaucer's England." This seems to promise an ambitious attempt to "reconstitute an epoch"—a promise which is not fulfilled. Chaucer's England on the Haymarket stage is represented by costumes, the wearers steadfastly remaining, for the most part, crude modern persons. The story proves to be one of love, seduction, and retribution by the dagger, breathing passion at fever heat; neither subject nor treatment is Chaucerian.

As the title indicates, the chief personage is the devil. This, in the popular view, at once conditions the form of the play. There must be love duets, a church scene, ribald songs drowned by anthems, and an ultimate doubt whether the devil's victims do or do not follow him to his appointed place. But there are at least two ways of handling this obligatory theme: the way of Goethe and the way of Gounod. Mr. Jones's way is not the way of Goethe. Profound philosophy, any attempt to answer the obstinate questioning of invisible things, a new theory of evil—there is nothing of these in his play, and, as he would not or could not supply them, I think he ought to have left his theme alone. Mr. Jones, as we all know, is an amiable idealist and optimist. To my thinking, there is no room nowadays for a great devil-drama on these lines. If some dramatist can give us the devil as the protagonist of a real tragedy, unflinchingly pessimistic in conception, with something of the colossal, the Michelangelesque, in execution, by all means let him try. But Mr. Jones is not that dramatist.

His devil has evidently not read Horace's *Ars Poetica*. He is not consistent.

.... Who can he be, I wonder? Minstrel,
Or traveller, courtier, philosopher,
Soldier, or what?

asks the Lady Isobel; and is answered:

Just what folks think me, that I am. . . .

This, perhaps, explains his inconsistencies. Sometimes Mr. Jones has thought him the common medieval, pitchfork and tail, demon, as when he gloats over the Lady Isobel and his prospect of plunging with her in hissing lava lakes or burning through blist'ring hails. At other times, Mr. Jones thinks him a crude modern person, who is not ashamed to steal well-worn saws about himself, as that he is not so black as he is painted, and that his best friends are people with good intentions. The devil, as we know, can quote scripture to his purpose, but he might, surely, draw the line at proverbs. The devil as Martin Tupper is certainly a novel conception. Occasionally the devil masquerades as the Mr. H. A. Jones of the monthly magazines, as when he remarks:—"That rogue has caught hypocrisy from his master. It's very catching here in England! There must be something in the climate of this favoured isle that suits with it! When I have time I'll look me out a pair of very choice hypocrites, and plant them here in England; they'll breed, they'll breed, and in a few hundred years the country will swarm with them!" The devil as Mrs. Lynn Linton and water!

The long and the short of it is, Mr. Jones's devil leaves me quite cold—which is to fail, is it not, in the first function of a devil? For the rest, the story of love's young dream and love's young awakening, is told by Mr. Jones in language of considerable picturesqueness and fervour; but was it worth telling? To the chief part Mr. Tree brings his usual energy and care for detail and keen eye for the romantic; Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry are a sufficiently perfervid pair of lovers. There are some noteworthy scenic effects in the play—a shipwreck, with the devil at the helm, and Canterbury Cathedral by moonlight, with the devil apostrophising the city from a gargoyle, like Quasimodo at Notre Dame.

Daly's Theatre has re-opened with *Dollars and Sense*, one of the manager's innumerable adaptations from the German, and one not easily distinguishable from its fellows. Once more we have a story half romantic intrigue between impossible intriguers, half satire on social manners in America as displayed against a background of startling upholstery which ought to have been impossible—and all confusion. Miss Ada Rehan is once more coquette and romp, a Beatrice ready to match herself against any Benedick—a Beatrice who says "who-oh!" and "noh-oh!" and delights to run about with her toes turned in. At one point in the present play critical attention is invited to something more than her toes. To rid herself of an elderly admirer she affects to "go Fanti," wears a man's dressing-gown, drops her hair over her eyes, and indulges in a wild and whirling dance that serves indirectly as an admirable advertisement for her hosiery. This is not exactly high comedy, but Miss Rehan's pranks delight one, against one's better judgment. Rather let us see her as an animated teetotum than not at all. Her Benedick on this occasion is Mr. Arthur Bouchier, a young actor who is rapidly developing into a versatile, genial, and conscientious artist. Miss Lucie Celeste, as an exotic adventuress, whose broken American is so curious that one wonders what it can have been like before it was broken, plays in a fine hot-blooded, full-throated style which is in refreshing contrast to the somewhat anæmic and aphonic exploits of more than one of her stage-companions. It is not, however, to the May of youth and bloom of lustihood that the chief honours fall in this piece, but to ripe, not to say frisky, age. If all our elders were as full of the joy of life as are Mrs. G. H. Gilbert and Mr. James Lewis, then should we all hasten to grow old. When a new Cicero writes a new *De Senectute*, let him not overlook these two delightful American players. What they play is, to be sure, no very great matter, just the familiar

stage-couple of henpecked, backsliding husband and grey mare who is the better horse; but they play it with such raciness, such shrewd, kindly humour, such honest enjoyment of their own foibles, such generous—if rough-tongued—toleration of other people's, as would make even Master Matthew cheerful. To grow old becomingly, they say, is one of the most difficult of feats. Mrs. Gilbert and Mr. Lewis have elevated it to the dignity of a fine art.

A. B. W.

THE CRISIS IN BOHEMIA.

THE 12th of September has now a twofold significance in the modern history of the Czech nation. On that day, in 1871, an Imperial message had been sent to the assembled Bohemian Diet, in which it was set forth that the Emperor of Austria fully recognised the national rights of the Czech nation, and that the monarch was willing to be crowned as King of Bohemia. Let me hasten to add that this Imperial promise was renewed on a subsequent occasion. And it was on that same day of this year that—oh, irony of Fate!—a Ministerial decree was promulgated by which the capital of Bohemia and its suburbs are to be deprived of the principal political and constitutional rights—namely, the right of free association and public meeting, the freedom of the Press, and trial by jury. These exceptional and coercive measures, which, according to the law of May 5, 1869, can be put into force only in case of war, in case of grave internal disturbances, or when there appear in a large measure intrigues tending to endanger the Constitution—these exceptional and draconic measures are most likely to produce an effect quite contrary to that anticipated by the Government.

This blow upon the Czech national honour is not new. It is exactly similar to that which the Austrian Government struck at the Czechs in the time of the Herbst Ministry, when it hoped, by violent measures, to break the mighty opposition of a people to whom even those rights most necessary for their existence were denied. At that epoch there was in Bohemia only one political party. It is otherwise to-day. Following the negotiations between Count Taaffe in 1879, who then became Premier, and Dr. Rieger, the then leader of the Czechs, the Czech deputies re-entered the Reichsrath from which they had abstained for sixteen years, because of the stubborn resistance of the Government in refusing their demands—the establishment of autonomy after the model of their Hungarian neighbours. Then appeared upon the scene Dr. Edward Grégr, who already enjoyed a considerable popularity, and wielded great influence over the people. While it became more and more evident that Rieger observed an indecisive and reserved attitude more hurtful than beneficial to the cause, Grégr worked with indefatigable zeal in order to shake the reputation of Rieger, whose speeches, fine in form as they were, remained fruitless in their effect. The Czechs were weary of the constant promises of the Government, which only resulted in smoke; hence the well-known *sobriquet* of "Government of promises," which in Austria became hereditary, descending from one Ministry to the other, and finally to the Taaffe régime.

With stirring eloquence and popular arguments, Edward Grégr awoke the Czech nation from the slumber into which Rieger's hesitating and conciliatory policy had lulled it. He brought the people to the consciousness of their national rights and marked with the skilful hand of a strategist the way to attain them. Ere long the people began to understand him. They gathered around his standard and sent him in 1883—with five others—to the Reichsrath. Thus the Young Czech party was formed, and Rieger's policy of "waiting and reserve" received the first check. It then came home to the people that only by exercising a firm and resolute opposition could the Czechs gain anything from a Government

which stubbornly refuses to listen to and consider the just demands of a people who contribute the lion's share towards the existence of the Monarchy—without whom, in fact, the Austrian Empire would dwindle into an unimportant, insignificant, impotent State.

For the General Election in 1890 Grégr made the promised coronation of the Emperor of Austria as King of Bohemia the cardinal point of his programme. To this programme Rieger objected, and so marked became the divergence between the two leaders that it ended in open hostility. From this struggle the Young Czechs emerged victorious, and Rieger had to yield to the pressure of popular will and retire. Grégr and his party now fearlessly put forward their demands in Parliament with a vehemence that had its source in the incessant derision and mockery with which the Czech people were treated. Bohemia of to-day is the Bohemia of Grégr, and it was at him that the latest political blow was directed.

This unjustifiable severity on the part of the Austrian Government, exercised at a time when the passions of the people are strained to their utmost, is a grave political blunder the consequences of which may prove serious. In devising this action against the Young Czechs, Count Taaffe relied on the antagonism existing between the two political parties; but he forgot that in one point they have a common cause: in their aspirations for autonomy. Count Taaffe not only made the powerful Young Czechs his mortal foes, but he also lost the support of the Old Czechs, who formed the last link between the Czech nation and the Crown.

The international significance of the crisis in Bohemia is greater than would appear to the casual observer. The Triple Alliance—no more than militarism—never met with any sympathy in Grégr's camp; and we recollect how often he made it the object of violent attacks in the Reichsrath. Grégr will now divest himself of all reserve—his friendship for Russia, which up to now has been only a threat, will assume a more tangible form.

The attainment of autonomy for the Czechs is, indeed, only a question of time, and, though it may sound paradoxical, these latest coercive measures will only hasten its accomplishment. If we may draw a parallel: just as the principle of Home Rule for Ireland is now firmly established and beyond dispute as to its ultimate realisation, so has the idea of autonomy pervaded the entire Czech population and taken firm root in the hearts of the Bohemians. With a calm and fearless mind the Czech nation will bear this new trial which is the outcome of the struggle for justice and truth, an historical struggle between efforts for national independence in Federalist Austria and between the striving for a close union and centralisation of Cisleithania. The final solution rests with the people; in the meanwhile: *Caveant Consules!* VICTOR DE BRANDT.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"PROTESTANTISM IN ART."

SIR,—In Ascalon, where I live, some of us take a good deal of interest in questions of taste. We all, of course, "know what we like," but the subject is inexhaustible as a basis for conversation. We have indeed a little society which meets on Saturday evenings at the "Black Whale" (where, as you will remember, if you know your Scheffel, no prophet is honoured), and discusses the weekly papers with an especial view to any new light which they may throw on those questions. As you may suppose, THE SPEAKER affords an almost unfailing supply of *pabulum* for our discussions. Of this your contributor "G. M." is, I need hardly say, the chief and the most popular purveyor. We are all of us middle-aged, and we enjoy what we have been used to, and we have all our lives been so thoroughly used to being rated into liking and disliking things, not only works of art, that when "G. M." tells us to accept his opinions and be damned (that "or" is an obvious misprint) the words come to us like half-forgotten music, and we remember how our nurses told us to "eat up the nice fat, you naughty boy."

It must have been some reminiscence of this kind that set one of our most respected members moralising as follows. I ought to mention that he once himself had opinions of his own on matters of taste, and made efforts to go where the possession and promulgation of them should render him less an object of suspicion than in Philistia. But from all I could ever hear, he only missed his way, and finding that the road he was on led to Meshech and the tents of Kedar, where they are much like our own people, only more so, he turned back, and has lived quietly in Ascalon ever since. Indeed, I have heard him express doubts as to the existence of any place such as that of which he was in search: any place where a man's own opinion as what ought to be enjoyed should need but to be stated in order to command universal assent and adhesion. However, he now began by remarking on the curious fact that most languages should have selected, in order to express a man's likings or dislikings in matters of beauty, a term which in strictness refers to that one of our senses in respect of which a man's own measure is most usually accepted as final, and epithets connoting moral approbation and disapprobation regarded as most inapplicable. "Taste," "goût," "geschmack," are nothing but metaphors borrowed from the palate. The Roman even had recourse to the same image for his expression of intellectual operations, and found no fitter way of indicating a wise man than to call him "a taster." Does not this point to an instinctive consciousness in the human mind that in their final analysis the taste for Ingres' pictures and the taste for a mutton-chop cannot be specifically separated; and that epithets which one would feel to be out of place in regard to the latter are equally meaningless as applied to the former? Indeed, "G. M." furnishes an admirable example of this view. Twenty years ago he did not like Ingres. For the next twenty years he was told that Ingres' pictures were to be liked, and at the end of that time he did like them. Did he like the first olive he tasted? Did anyone? Does he like them now? I do, and I have got to like them simply because I "accepted the opinion of artists"—that is, I heard other people who had eaten more say that they liked them. In the case of art, of course, a man has inducements to say he likes what he does not, and this introduces complications; but there is so little credit to be got by liking foods and drinks that a man's statement as to this may usually be accepted as evidence. Thus, after all, "G. M.'s" progress in art is much like that of the "ordinary man." There is really no need for him to frame any hypothesis as to his own acquisition (through "long patience and earnest striving") of gas microscopes which "enable him to look below the surface"; or, as one sometimes hears it called, see into a milestone, still less to confuse the issue by introducing statements about intellectual progress; least of all to apply hard names to "the ordinary man who only knows life by its external aspects"—that is, acquires knowledge through his senses. Both have arrived by the same road—that of liking what they found others liked; only on his own showing "G. M.'s" progress to right taste has been twice as slow as "the ordinary man's."

Now I have slipped out the very combination of words that I meant to avoid! *Right taste!* Surely, "right" and "wrong" are words conveying moral judgments, and "G. M." if I mistake not, has often told us that art and morals know nothing of each other. Let us refer again to our original standard of the palate. I like jam. "G. M." likes pickles. Is either of us right or wrong? But suppose I like Van Eyck and he likes Van Beers—what then? Or may I not be able to like both jam and pickles. "Love at first sight" in one case, "and allow dislike to grow into love" in the other? I assure him I do like both, and that for him or anyone else to assert the contrary is absurd on the face of it. Equally absurd, nay, to my intelligence meaningless, is the combination of the noun "taste" with any adjective, "good," "bad," "right," "wrong," importing a moral judgment; unless with the distinct proviso that "good" or "right" means "agreeing with my own." You check the child who says "tapioca pudding is nasty"; but "I do not like tapioca pudding" is harmless if the occasion is such as to warrant the expression of opinion. That there are certain works in all the arts as to which the people whom we meet are as nearly as possible unanimous, does not really modify my view, when I remember some Chinese music (heard several years ago at one of those exhibitions which—one form under many names—used to be held somewhere near the Albert Hall), and realise that the "Leonora" overture must sound to those China musicians even as their music sounded to me. If in the jury of *orbis terrarum* most votes carry the day, the taste that admires the "Leonora" overture is hopelessly wrong.

So, then, the seekers after a canon of taste can only come back to Aristotle's "as the man of sense would define." There is no harm in this; only let it be clearly understood that whatever Aristotle meant by *ὁ φρόνιμος*, in the mouth of a dogmatic writer on matters of taste the term is, and by the nature of the case can be, neither more nor less than a substitute for the pronoun of the first person singular.

Thus far our oracle of the "Black Whale." Some of us thought that there was hardly need of so many words to show that smart gentlemen who earn money by their pens must often "fly higher than they can perch."—I am, yours faithfully,

A PHILISTINE.

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

SIR,—As I am sure that THE SPEAKER would wish for the most complete and perfect system of representation, will you allow me to point out that, so far from proportional representation being a mere fad believed in only by Mr. Courtney and me, it has been for years in operation in Denmark, it has been recently adopted in more than one of the Swiss Cantons, and is actually in operation in our School Board elections.

In the committee which was appointed some years ago to consider the working of the Cumulative Vote, the evidence given by the Education Department, and indeed the evidence generally, was strongly in its favour. While, however, it is far better than our Parliamentary system, I cannot but consider that the single transferable vote is a simpler and more effective form of proportional representation.

Those who are anxious for One Man One Vote must also surely wish that vote to be effective.—I am, your obedient servant,

JOHN LUBBOCK.

High Elms, Farnborough, September 15, 1893.

TO TICKLE THE LORDS.

SIR,—In your last issue, alluding to the House of Lords, you say: "The answer to their rejection of the Home Rule Bill must be the adoption by the House of Commons of a series of measures for Great Britain of the most sweeping and Radical character."

As an Irish member I thoroughly agree with this view. If it were carried out Home Rule would indeed be certain, as the next General Election would be carried by an overwhelming majority. I suggest as a reform, which would be "absolutely intolerable to the ordinary member of the House of Lords," that of the total abolition of Justices of the Peace. Their judicial duties should, I think, be performed by paid magistrates, and their other duties, which I might call executive, should be transferred to elected representatives of the people in both counties and boroughs. The present system of Justices of the Peace is a remnant of the old feudal system, little suited to our democratic age. Another reform that should be carried out next session would be a really popular budget. The rich do not now pay their fair share of taxation. I should like to know what proportion of his property a man worth a hundred thousand pounds pays in a year in taxation of all kinds, and what proportion a man living on his earnings of a pound a week pays.

A good stiff property tax is what would tickle the Lords, and show the democracy that the Government is determined to be that of the masses and not that of the classes.—Yours truly,
September 20th, 1893. JOHN SWEETMAN.

AN AUTUMN PASTORAL.

AT SHILLINGFORD-ON-THAMES.

WERE all Arcadia centred in one scene
Of tender tinting and untroubled calm,
This chastened pomp of gold, and grey, and green,
With beauty blent, and breathing odoriferous balm,
Might rival rural Pan's own native haunt,
Where Alpheus flowed toward the Ionian Sea
Through wooded gorges, and with rustic glee
Sheep-tending swains would chaunt
Of love, and the high gods, and harvests ripe
To mellow-fluting preludes of the pastoral pipe.
The shadowy slopes sweep upward to a sky
Of daffodil, dull crimson, and dead gold,
Through which the sun sinks slowly, tenderly,
Glinting on groves that crown the headlands bold;
And where one bright-green spur of grassy land
Juts from a leafy mass of dusky grey,
There a lone angler, lingering late to play
One quarry more, doth stand,
Spectral amidst the shadows, faint, afar,
Fronting the pallid glimmer of eve's earliest star.
Yon fold on the soft slope might know the care
Of happy Tityrus. Hark! the chiming chink
Of shaken sheep-bells stirs the slumbering air.
From the gold-crested hill-top to the brink,
Grey-shadowed, of the silver-shimmering stream,
All speaks unruffled rest. A peaceful place,
Where Dian might disrobe her from the chase,
Or tired Endymion dream.
What time the last red ray of Phœbus flames
High o'er the umbrageous heights that skirt soft-sliding
Thames. E. J. M.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

MILTON AND WOMEN ONCE AGAIN.

SO "Q" has returned to the charge, and like a skilful general has concentrated his forces. Milton is now his single objective, and is attacked at two points—his conduct as a husband and father, and his conception of woman. I had meant to do no more than protest against his most cavalier treatment of the great Puritan, but this renewed charge, so airily yet so straightly delivered, demands something more than passive resistance.

"Q's" original charge was that Milton was "detestable on principle," and "made life intolerable to his wives." The plural is now dropped, and Mary Powell becomes the sole connubial martyr. But the change seriously affects the argument. The husband's conduct ceases to be uniformly "detestable," and the two later wives appear as witnesses to testify that he is a man capable of loving and of being loved, and with whom a woman could live happily. And it further establishes, to say the least, a presumption that the cause of Mary Powell's married unhappiness was Mary Powell rather than John Milton.

It is an ungracious thing even to seem to make an assault on a woman long since fallen into dust and silence, who may have suffered much, who certainly caused much suffering, and who may have had some of the sweet qualities of English womanhood. Certainly, no attack upon her is intended here; for surely her fate is one of the pitifullest possible. A mere dumb figure, she yet becomes the centre and occasion of a most articulate tragedy, which is all the more tragic because of the silent figure at its heart. But in a case of this sort we must clear our minds of sentiment, or, as Samuel Johnson would have said, of cant, and look at things as they are. It is easy to romance, as "Q" does, about Mary Powell, as many others have romanced about a more illustrious and far more unfortunate Mary, and picture her as "a slip of a girl" carried off from "a large and merry country family," and cooped up "in the spring of her life, within dark and dismal lodgings in the City," made all the more dismal by an unsmiling, birching pedagogue of a husband and by the howling urchins, his nephews. The latter is a point mentioned by our old gossip Aubrey, who was no better an authority—though, indeed, no worse—than any other gossip; but it is significant that one of the beaten urchins—Edward Phillips—is here silent. But all this is not history, nor has it any relation to history, nor does it help us in any way to conceive the situation or judge concerning it. And if we are going to romance, we ought to do it with some semblance of reality. If John Milton made Mary Powell unhappy, did she cause him no unhappiness? There is to me something frightfully incommensurate in the sufferings of these two, and I say it without meaning to underestimate the misery the woman endured. But the misery of the man was far more tragic in its quality and vaster in its range and in its scale; it bit, as it were, into the very marrow of his soul, and, though the wound healed, the scar remained. The "Divorce Tracts" seem, even to a dull reader, to throb under an almost splendid misery, and in his later and greater poems its beat may still be heard. Yes, if sentiment is to be invoked and misery be made to claim our pity, must not the sufferings of Mary Powell be silent before the agony of John Milton?

But what are the facts? They are few, and we have to read them without much help from first-hand evidence, save in what concerns Milton himself. Mary Powell is, as I have said, a mere silent figure. We can hardly be said to know her; but her mother we get here and there an authentic glimpse of—a Royalist, and a tenacious, strong-willed woman, holding resolutely by her own, undismayed by the law's delay. Milton we know full well—a man with

a purity that becomes a woman, able proudly, yet humbly, to say to the Italian lady of the heart she had touched,

"Io certo, a prove tante
L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono."

He is a poet of imagination all compact, for whom plain prose is not; who feels the poetry of his own being and of his own day, who sees an epic in process on the stage of his own country, and believes himself bound to play some not ignoble part in its unfolding. Woman he reads through the same imagination by which he interprets life. She is not to him prosaic woman, matter-of-fact, ministrant, now the plaything and now the drudge of man, but she is idealised—woman read through an idea and valued for the degree in which she embodies it. This man goes from his "dark and dismal lodgings in the City" into the country in the Whitsuntide, visits the Powells, old clients and friends of his father, and, after a stay of a month or thereabouts, returns with a wife, who came accompanied by a troop of friends. They leave, and she remains a month, and only a month, with Milton. She does not flee from him, but asks and obtains his consent to go, under promise of an early return. He is not charged with cruelty or severity or any personal fault; what the one witness who could speak with immediate knowledge said was that "after having been used to a great house and much company and joviality," she found Milton's home too "philosophical," and what Aubrey says is that she "found it very solitary, no company came to her." In the furious and fiery criticism which followed the "Divorce Tracts" no charge more personal to him was made. And for this reason, because she found after a brief month's trial his house dull and his "philosophical life" "irksome to her," we are asked to conclude that he "made life intolerable to his wives." Could the licence of the unwarranted inference any further go?

Milton waited patiently two months for his wife's return, but she returned not; then he wrote, but no answer came; wrote again, and still again, without any answer coming; and, finally, he despatched a "foot-messenger with a letter," who was, says Aubrey, "evilly entreated"; and Phillips reports that "he was dismissed with some sort of contempt." The reason for this conduct is not set down to anything in Milton's personal character or in his behaviour to his wife; but, says Phillips, the family were Cavaliers, the King's party had then "some prospect of success," and "they began to repent of having matched the eldest daughter of the family to a person so contrary to them in opinion"; and Aubrey says, "She was a Royalist," and "two opinions do not well on the same bolster." Here, then, was Milton forsaken by a wife who had not allowed herself even the opportunity of becoming acquainted with his home, encouraged in her desertion by those who ought to have persuaded her to attempt to fulfil the duties she had undertaken, and this for reasons which struck not so much at him as at the cause he loved better than life. It wounded his lofty spirit precisely where it was most sensitive, and so it was characteristic of the man that he dealt not with the personal history of his case, but with the principles it involved. The very loftiness of his idea of marriage and of the relation it instituted of man to woman and woman to man made the wrong seem the more intolerable; and so he set himself to plead for changes in the laws and in the customs that made so intolerable a wrong possible. This was the origin of these "Divorce Tracts," which, while the work of a man who suffered from a great private wrong, were yet only concerned with what he conceived to be a public right. The temper or the economy that would have found compensation for private injury in personal indulgence was impossible to Milton.

Yet in order to estimate the personal qualities of

the man, the issue of the affair must be recalled. The time came when success changed sides, passed from the king to the parliament, and the Powells and their policy changed with it. At Forest Hill the young wife was no more, in the words of Aubrey, "environed and stormed by the sons of Mars, and those of the enemy party." With the Royalist disasters and dismay came the desire of reconciliation, and it was accomplished by means of a sort of ambuscade laid in the house of a friend, where the wife surprised the injured husband and touched him into forgiveness. The meaning of this is surely not to be mistaken. Milton was a proud man, invincible of will, who had, because of the behaviour of this woman and her friends, and the consequent controversies, been subjected to a malignancy of criticism and of gossip which, had he been a man of lower or less majestic nature, would have been held to justify an attitude of irreconcilable disdain. But he was infinitely above this kind of thing. In spite of all that had been said and done by him and against him, he took back his wife, and shared his home not only with her, but with the family that had been her aiders and abettors.

I have space for only a word or two as to Milton's conception of woman as a wife. That he loved to see intellect so developed and exercised in woman that she could be the fit mate of man may be proved up to the hilt. Certainly, it is simply a grotesque misstatement to say, "'Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse,' puts it too low, perhaps; a little dearer than his cook is nearer the mark." About the period of these troubles we have the sonnet, "To the Lady Margaret Ley," who is described as so like her father that

"Yet by you,
Madam, methinks I see him living yet."

And also the beautiful sonnet which praises the

"Lady that in the prime of earliest youth
Wisely hast shunned the broad way and the green,"

and who is told to

"Be sure
Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends
Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
Hast gained thy entrance, virgin wise and pure."

But what is the idea that lies below the "Divorce Tracts"? That "the performance of a fit and matchable conversation is no less essential to the prime scope of marriage than the gift of bodily conjunction." He loathes the very idea he is so airily credited with, and pleads that "marriage is a covenant the very being whereof consists, not in a forced cohabitation and counterfeit performance of duties, but in unfeigned love and peace." "Love in marriage cannot live nor subsist unless it be mutual." Marriage is described as "the ordinance of our solace and contentment, the remedy of our loneliness;" and in a passage which seems written expressly for the benefit of our friend "Q," he says, "Man is not to hold woman as a servant, but receives her into a part of that empire which God proclaims him to, though not equally, yet largely, as his own image and glory." Any comfort the latter clause may afford our friend is sadly dashed by the succeeding sentence, which explains that if a wife "exceed her husband in prudence and dexterity" he is "contentedly to yield," for it is a natural law "that the wiser should govern the less wise, whether male or female."

Enough; it was Milton's passion for spiritual affinity in marriage, which expressed his belief in the intellectual and moral capabilities of woman, that was the motive of these pamphlets on divorce. We may regret his doctrine, but this determinative idea of his was as high as his practice was pure and noble. If to him as to St. Paul the man in marriage was the head of the woman, as Christ is the Head of His Church, this to him as to St. Paul expressed no idea of bondage or of a menial servitude, but rather

a community of life, a perfection of love, a completeness of harmony, such as no other relation knew or realised. It meant their common dignity, and the necessity of their union to perfect being. And his attitude to woman was here the typical Puritan attitude—stood in complete contrast alike to "the licence of Marlowe" and "the filth of D'Urfey, Wycherley, and Vanbrugh." Whereof abundant proof, if there be need, can be given, though not here and now. φ

THE BASIS OF MILTON'S ARGUMENT.

THE critic who took me to task the other day for my remarks upon Milton's attitude towards women spoke with a civil gravity not commonly used by those who find their cherished gods attacked. One accusation, however, still sticks in my throat. It is, that I was "intent on playing to the gallery." I am only prevented from answering this charge at length by the reflection that readers of *THE SPEAKER* are extremely unlikely to care a fraction of sixpence for my private feelings or affairs. As it happens, the only solid consolation I have been able to find upon contemplating the results of five years' toil has been the certainty that, in spite of temptations common to every householder, I have a growing unwillingness to invite the good will of the gallery by so much as a single gesture. My critic's suggestion, therefore, gave me some trifling annoyance. I will content myself with asking him if he thinks it likely that a writer intent on playing to the gallery, and having several papers open to him for the airing of his young opinions, would choose *THE SPEAKER* for his purpose.

People, I admit, are naturally disposed to bring this charge when they see young people, as yet eminent only in their own opinions, using the great names of history as whipping-tops. The whipster can never justify himself at the moment, and only in the course of time by the laborious process of becoming a great man. The example of the late Earl of Beaconsfield, who from the beginning tilted only at the stoutest shields, is full of snares for youths of fewer natural endowments, of whom there are many. So much may be granted. On the other hand, we have man's inalienable right to weigh everything for himself in such a balance as he possesses: and it is obvious that if we all start with the probably accurate, but certainly deadening, conviction that we are fools, the public stock of wisdom stands little chance of being increased. Certain observations of Lord Bacon upon Authority will be familiar to my critic, and may save me the trouble of pursuing the general question any further.

Now, as regards this particular question of man's proper attitude towards women, it is at least conceivable that Milton held a perverse and barbarous opinion. At any rate, we have a right to examine it, and should not let it bind us merely because it happens to be the opinion of a virtuous man and a consummate artificer in words. Let us see once more how Milton puts it in Adam's mouth:—

"For well I understand, in the prime end
Of Nature, her the inferior, in the mind
And inward faculties, which most excel;
In outward also her resembling less
His image who made both, and expressing
The character of that dominion given
O'er other creatures."

Now Milton did not invent this opinion. He took it ready-made. Whence? I turn to the eleventh chapter of St. Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians and find it in this form:—

"But I would have you know that the head of every man is Christ; and the head of the woman is the man; and the head of Christ is God. Every man praying or prophesying, having his head covered, dishonoureth his head. But every woman that

prayeth or prophesieth with her head uncovered dishonoureth her head; for that is even all one as if she were shaven. For if the woman be not covered, let her also be shorn: but if it be a shame for a woman to be shorn or shaven, let her be covered. For a man indeed ought not to cover his head, forasmuch as he is the image and glory of God: but the woman is the glory of the man. For the man is not of the woman; but the woman of the man. Neither was the man created for the woman; but the woman for the man."

This is explicit enough. Are we then, seeing that it was written by no less an authority than St. Paul, to accept it without question? I think not. For the Apostle in the above passage brings arguments to support his doctrine; and to bring an argument is *ipso facto* a confession that the matter admits of argument. Had he said, "Woman is man's inferior," and there made an end, there would be nothing to discuss, and we could only have inquired into the fulness or authenticity of his inspiration. But since he has condescended to reason with us, we are allowed to apply the usual logical tests.

In the first place, then, it may be asked of the Apostle's arguments, "Are they such as he himself found convincing, or are they merely those which he thought would convince his audience?" There is but one possible answer. That he should have "played to the gallery" by giving the Corinthians arguments good enough for *them*, though unsatisfactory to his own superior intelligence, is altogether inconceivable of such a man as St. Paul. It remains, then, that he seriously believed the reasoning employed in the above passage to be sufficient and cogent. We may perhaps dismiss those remarks about the shaving and shearing of women as being a rhetorical flourish or two around the main argument. I hope we may; for to take them *au pied de la lettre* is but poorly to compliment the Apostle's logic. But the main line of reasoning is this: *Men should not cover their heads when praying: for man is God's image, and by covering his head he obscures God's image.* (The same arguments, by the way, might be used to prove that a man should never wear a hat at all; but we may let that pass.) *Women should cover their heads when praying: for woman is not God's image, and therefore—we should, in strict logic, expect the Apostle to continue, "it makes no difference whether she covers her head or not": but he actually says—by covering her head she dishonours her head, which, symbolically, is man: that is to say, she sets up to be man's equal, being really his inferior, because not created (as he is) in the likeness of God.*

Now I very much wonder if people who accept St. Paul's conclusion, and believe that woman is not only different to man, but also his inferior, are prepared to accept the andromorphism on which the whole argument rests. For it is not mere anthropomorphism (as I pointed out last week) but andromorphism strait and simple and carefully defined. To reach his conclusion you must—there is no way out of it—first assume that God exists in the shape of a man as distinct from that of a woman. You must further believe that woman was created out of a rib of man, for man's service, and that man was not created for woman's service. And you must lastly believe that the original circumstances of woman's creation retain such significance to-day that, in spite of daily experience to the contrary, "the man is not of the woman, but the woman of the man." I very much wonder, I repeat, if people do accept this. Yet this, and no less, is the basis of Milton's theory of woman as a natural slave of man. And this—or the far less respectable argument of brute strength—is the basis of the popular theory at this moment.

"Doth not even nature itself teach you that, if a man have long hair, it is a shame unto him? But if a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her: for her hair is given to her for a veil." I am afraid that my critic, if he found himself opposed with an argument of this calibre, would promptly talk about "playing

to the gallery." I think we may agree that it is somewhat belated. A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

A MISCELLANEOUS POLEMIC.

THE GREAT ENIGMA. By William Samuel Lilly. London: John Murray.

HERE is another of Mr. Lilly's many books, different in title but similar in substance to those that have gone before. He thinks the age very intractable, and so he treats it to a good deal of hearty and emphatic iteration. It is a pity to say anything new when the old has not as yet been heard, in spite of the excellence of the type, the exhaustive analyses, and the full indexes with which it has been served up. In this volume we have forty-five pages of analysis and thirteen of index to 319 of discursive matter. The apparatus of interpretation and reference is good. What makes it look strange is "the copious and vehement rhetoric" which lies between its two parts. Mr. Lilly is in danger of becoming as one-idea'd as the late amiable and excellent Mr. Urquhart, but he still relieves the monotony of his thought by the variety of his quotations. They are culled from all quarters—oriental and occidental, sacred and profane, classical and modern; but more in the manner of the man who as he runs plucks what catches his eye or touches his hand than of the student who studies that he may know. We have, of course, the usual reference to "Exeter Hall"—once perhaps a power, though now long fallen dumb and toothless; the customary scorn of men who are "intellectually grocers," though the scorn is rather misplaced in one who is so expert a dealer in borrowed literary condiments; the familiar tone of severe and superior integrity in the presence of politicians who "recognise in ballot-boxes the sole organ of political truth," and are "wholly given over to majority-mongering," and the becoming charity which can reprove such for daring to purchase "the support of the brotherhood of Chadband and Stiggins." As a set-off we have a dedication to "My dear Lord Halifax," and a commendation of "the movement within the Anglican communion associated, in a special way, for many years, with your honoured name." Mr. Lilly, after Matthew Arnold, holds "the National Church," though he is not of it, to be an "institution" "of great secular utility, as a vast organisation of charity and a widely effective school of moral culture"; and he, even after Cardinal Newman, regards it as "a serviceable breakwater" "against the abounding impiety of the age." And, therefore, "the movement for its disestablishment seems to me one of the most retrograde and disreputable manœuvres of party politics." This is an excellent example of his tone and method: difference from his intellectual judgments is a thing certain to evoke some very opprobrious epithets from his extensive vocabulary of moral admonition and reproach.

It is hard to be patient with a writer who, though in many ways so clever and so "serviceable," yet assumes an attitude and adopts a tone to which no quality and no attainment he has gives him any title. His hatred of "Exeter Hall" is intelligible, for what to it was the "Scarlet Woman" is to him the Mother of Saints, its "Antichrist" is his "Holy Father," where it saw Jesuitism he sees the invincible Society of Jesus. And he does well to be angry with those who set sin and deceit where he knows saintliness and honour to be. But anger at a sin does not leave a man free to commit it; yet this freedom is precisely the thing he takes and uses to the utmost. He may be described as the "Exeter Hall" of the other side of the street, not a whit changed in spirit or in vehemence, though changed in name. Dickens was never less inspired by charity and truth than when he conceived and portrayed Chadband (what